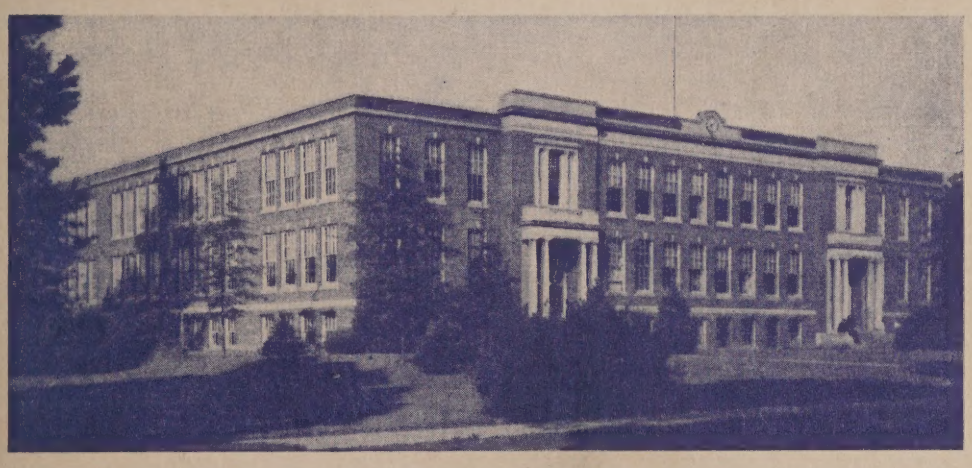
THE AGAWAM MIRROR



AGAWAM, MASSACHUSETTS

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The AGAWAM MIRROR

AGAWAM HIGH SCHOOL

AGAWAM, MASSACHUSETTS

Member of Western Massachusetts League of School Publications

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EDITORIALS

"GOD BLESS AMERICA"

For over one hundred and fifty years America has been an independent nation, able to govern itself as it has seen fit. It has not had to depend on other nations for support or help. Its multitudes have enjoyed freedom — freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of religion!

Minerals and forests are in abundance. But natural resources are not our only assets. Mechanics, songwriters, chemists, business men —all have had a chance to work and progress. Families have lived together happily without fear of separation. When politicians are elected, it is the people who make the choice, not the head of the government. Corrupt politicians are weeded out and voted out of office.

Our land has tried to maintain peace. Conscription has been delayed as long as possible so as to keep away the feeling of war. None of us wants war; we will try anything to avoid getting in the present World War. When we think of the many, many opportunities and blessings we have and receive, shouldn't we humbly say, "God bless America!"

Ruth Raison, '42.

ANALYSIS

Comforts bring us every joy
With speed and hasty action.
But honest labor of our hands,
Can bring us satisfaction.

Edwin Mulak, '41.

ON SPREADING HAPPINESS

Depression, war, famine, pestilence, or any other of the great tragedies which cause untold suffering, anxiety, and distress are all destroyers of happiness. However, they are not alone. I am thinking of something more personal and yet which, day in and day out, strikes at peace of mind and at individual and family happiness more forcefully and more powerfully than do these occasional scourges. I refer to habits of irritability and unkindliness which make so many of us destroyers of happiness whether we mean to be or not. We may care a great deal for our relatives and friends; and, yet, if we frequently quarrel or complain or nag or say irritating things, we may be a source of annoyance and of worry. Our presence prevents repose of mind hour in and hour out. The pressure of our disturbing habits is constant, whereas the great tragedies are but occasional. We are creating a situation under which those about us cannot be peaceful and contented and happy, whatever the outward conditions of life may be. Once in a while a tragedy enters a home in the form of death or serious illness or some sort of disaster. When it comes, the petty little troubles seem slight indeed. If we could only look upon them with true perspective and dismiss them as they come along day by day, we would be much happier sharing our contentment. I know of no more promising experiment than to try just for a day to see to it that we bring up for discussion no unpleasant or disturbing topic, unless we feel that some good will

result from it, to determine that for just a day we will say nothing to irritate or annoy our friends and relatives; that we will make no remark with a sharp edge; that we will not parade any of our petty troubles; that we will be considerate of all those we meet; that we will face the irritations of the day courageously and magnanimously. We need not worry about the future if we take care of each day, and the years will take care of themselves. If we entertain habits of this kind, we shall probably contribute more to human happiness, than we can possibly contribute in any other way. Vincent Caroleo, '41.

PARENTS

Parents are hard to educate.

Mom just can't figure out why we have to go out after a dance and have more to eat. Dad can't understand all this "jitterbug stuff" which, in his opinion, includes even slower tunes like "Only Forever."

When the mothers get together, they all agree that their children like sloppy clothes and dislike dressing up. Everytime I go out, I have to assure my mother that "everyone" wears sport shoes on dates and "no one" gets all dressed up.

The worst habit parents have is expecting too much. Dad sits up nights and wonders why Bill doesn't do better in school, while Mom keeps him company, worrying about Sister's social life. They expect us to try hard in school, take an active part in extra-curricula activities, have an interest in our church, and do some work; then our parents wonder why we don't "spend more time with the family."

Yes, their dreams for us exceed any possibility of coming true, but, just the same, we think they're the best dreams ever dreamed by the very best Mom and Dad we know.

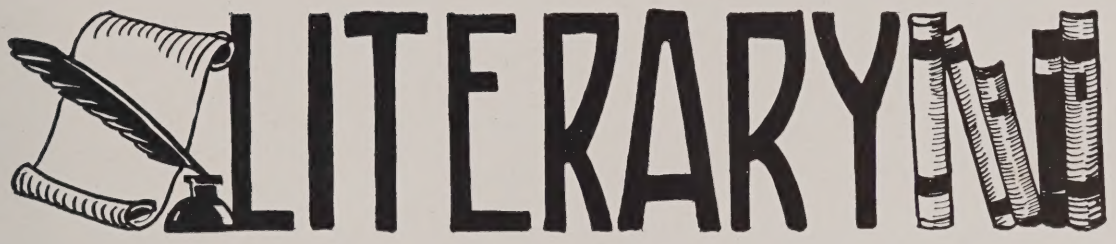
Shirley Spring, '42.

"THE ANSWER-THIEF"

There is one like him in every class. He is in English, French, and every other subject. At first, he slips in unobtrusively, but soon you will notice him peeking over your shoulder during exams. Your teacher may even be suspicious of your paper when she sees how it compares with the boy's behind you. You cannot do much about it, but you might try asking to have your seat changed. This, though it will remove the possibility of his copying your paper, will not prevent him from cheating someone else. Eventually, you hope, the teacher will find out his true character, for it is not easy to report him. This type of pupil is detrimental to the reputation of the school. Albert Gagnon, '43.

COURTESY IN THE CORRIDORS

Swish! Bang! Thus another girl walking quietly to her next class meets the fate of almost breaking a leg and crushing an arm because some young tornado of a boy is anxious to get to the lunchroom. Swish! Another modern Mercury glides past, turning this poor, perplexed young maiden completely around. Finally, reaching the door of her classroom haven, she rushes breathlessly to her seat and drops, panting, into it. Before daring to take her young life in her hands by venturing out into that dangerous hall of mystery, she contemplates the heedlessness of the young man. "If only these young whirlwinds would stop to think of what could happen," she muses. Dashing madly down the corridors like a hurricane brushing away everything in its path is just pure selfishness on the boys' part. After all, girls admire and respect boys who are considerate and thoughtful of others. So, boys, why not give a girl a break once in a while before you attempt another "Superman" impression of speed and grace? Shirley Caron, '42.



A MEETING WITH REFUGEES

Expectantly I had waited to meet Herr Gaidies and the Koenigsbergers, three of the German refugees at Cummington Hostel. They were the guests of our young peoples' group one evening and all of us were anxious to meet and talk with such interesting people. Nor were we disappointed.

Mr. Gaidies particularly impressed me, I think, because he looked like a rotund German-Swiss innkeeper and needed only knee socks and embroidered suspenders to complete the illusion. In fact, however, he is far from that, as his eventful life has proved. His home was on the Rhine River near the Dutch border. Educated in the best universities of Germany through well-earned scholarships, he became a journalist. Mr. Gaidies was interested in peace and was a founder of the Youth Hostels. Because of his outspoken dislike of Hitler, he was thrown into a concentration camp. Fortunately, he escaped to Austria, then to America and freedom.

As to physical characteristics, Mr. Gaidies is a big man—a very big man. His face is jovial, and he has a merry twinkle in his eye that betrays a fine sense of humor. For a supplement to his broken English, he uses his hands. As Mr. Gaidies' hobby is singing, he sang for us several selections in German which were made more enjoyable by his vigorous gestures.

A week after I had met Herr Gaidies, the papers announced his marriage to an English girl. In the last paragraph of the article appeared the item: "The bride carried a bouquet of leather flowers made by Mrs. Koenigsberger, also of the hostel."

Mr. and Mrs. Koenigsberger were also guests that evening. For a living they use their hobby—handicrafts. They were both friendly and cooperative in answering questions.

I asked, "Is it difficult to leave Europe now?"

Mr. Koenigsberger answered that, as only a limited number of people are allowed to enter the United States, their affidavit, issued before the war, was of little value. Applying for a visa in August 1938, they waited a year and a half before they received any word. Finally in February, 1940 they were called, only to be delayed again for a passport regulation.

When asked how much they were allowed to take from the country, Mrs. Koenigsberger said, "We were allowed in money only 10 marks, which is about $3.50 in American money. This made it difficult for us when we arrived in New York City."

In conclusion I would like to quote Mrs. Koenigsberger's answer when we asked, "What is your first impression of our country?"

"Here we can sleep in quiet," she said. "There is no one who will come in the night to take you away." And she added, quietly, "Coming to America is like coming from a prison."

Shirley Spring, '42.

A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE

One day, when I was about eleven, I decided it was time for me to take up the manly art of smoking! Together with a friend of mine, I procured two cigars of the three-for-a-nickel variety. Stealthily we entered a grove of trees to enjoy ourselves. We lighted our future punishments and for a while puffed importantly, telling each other how good the cigars were and what a cinch it was to smoke them. Then, all of a sudden, I felt rather strange, and my stomach turned violent handsprings! I eyed Bob blearily. His face had taken on a greenish hue, and his eyes were beginning to glaze. The cigars fell almost simultaneously from our nerveless fingers and lay forgotten on the ground. Still not wishing to admit our condition to each other, we parted company. I was extremely ill for the rest of the day and so was my partner in crime! It was indeed an experience that taught me a most convincing lesson.

John Quirk, '41.

THE OCEAN

As far as one can see, for miles stretches a curtain of sea green, which sparkles beneath the afterglow of a summer's sun. The swelling waves in their reckless yet rewardless haste roll shorebound, tumbling over each other. Then suddenly, when nearing the beach, they flash upward for one triumphant moment, curling, silver-tinted against the serene blue, only to sink to the depths from which they came, to crash on the heedless rocks. A sea of glowing splendor is so furious in its sport. Here one delights to stay and watch all its magnificence, watch it storm upon the sandy shore, and rumble at the feet of the gigantic cliff wall.

Virginia Fieldstad, '44.

MY FIRST HIGH DIVE

The diving board, the lofty, wide, burlap-covered, towering high-board, vibrated above my head. Determined to imitate the feat of that fellow who was just emerging from the water, I boldly grasped for the slippery gleaming ladder which I had often craved to climb. Up I swaggered like a cocky champion diver, but now, now I was teetering on the platform. No matter where I stood, it was too near the edge. I was afraid to glance at the water; even when situated in the very center, I seemed to be tottering, leaning, rocking toward the deep, distant lake. Then, my eyes focused on the beach. Oh! Everyone—picknickers, fishermen, bathers,—all appeared to be watching me. I turned from the tempting ladder. I couldn't scamper down to the beach, not before all those people! Terrified though I was, I couldn't, I wouldn't, let them laugh at me. No matter what the alternative, it was impossible for me to sneak shamefully down that ladder. I turned, and without thinking of the height, strode onto the board. Staring down at that distant, black, solid-looking water, I faltered; but if I moved from that board, I was licked. I stiffened, breathed deeply, rose on my toes, and dived.

Robert Healy, '41.

IN AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE

As I stooped before the large old-fashioned fireplace of that old deserted house, I was fully aware of the numerous and suspicious sounds which are probably typical of any old house. Although I am not a superstitious person, I was actually shaking in my shoes. Outside, it was below zero and the wind was raging fiercely. With half frozen fingers, I was vainly trying to kindle a fire to drive some of the intense cold out and also to lighten the gloomy atmosphere that surrounded me. At last! My efforts were rewarded. I had finally been successful in nursing a spark to life; soon I had a roaring blaze. The orange red flames, licking hungrily at its food, cast weird shadows on the walls. What a consolation! Now I shouldn't have to worry about freezing.

John Duplessis, '44.

PRO MERITO

WE HAVE OUR TROUBLES

We girls spend much time to make our hair curl the way we like it. Of course, the curlers have to be put on every evening, regardless of the time or weather, or else our hair will not be satisfactory-looking the next day. When we come in late at night, we quickly extinguish the light so as not to wake the rest of the family. We find the bureau with one hand, while with the other, groping in the darkness, we search for a curler. More than once one of these "implements of beauty" drops to the floor with a sharp, stacatto clash.

However, our worries and troubles still continue. There is yet the torture of sleeping on the gadgets. Upon springing into bed we spend the next five minutes twisting and turning our head like the pendulum of a clock. Trying to find a comfortable position, we fall asleep. If we happen to wake up during the night, it seems hours before we can journey back to the "Land of Nod."

Our next task, after spending a restless night, is to remove the curlers as painlessly as possible. With one hand we grasp the end firmly and squeeze, the other doing its part to ease the pulling of stray locks caught in the tiny, hooked mechanism which holds the two sections of the "beauty-maker" together.

The curlers are out, and the comb is grabbed in a frantic rush. But, alas! The snarls hinder us from combing our "wig" hurriedly. So after ten or fifteen minutes of wrestling with the snarls, we drop the comb and dash for the bus, forgetting all about our gorgeous hair.

Ruth Raison, '42.

To spell a word is perplexing?
(Depends on the word you're selecting.)
With caution and care
If you play the game fair,
The word will be worth its correcting.

Beverly Crawford, '42.

THE RULER

The wind
Among the trees
Blows swift and cold at night,
And shrills for all to hear his voice,
"I'm king!"

Thelma Beal, '41.

SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes
Of purest white,
Fall noiselessly from the sky,
Silently, gracefully, floating
To earth.

Barbara Chapin, '41.

OUR KITTEN

Little velvet ears,
To hear your very call,
Piercing greenish eyes,
Upon all mice they fall.
Clinging little paws
To hold its hard-caught prey,
Little pinkish tongue,
To lap the milk away.
This furry little creature,
Is at our house to stay.

Barbara Petersen, '44.

OF COMMON INTEREST

A glance—
She blushed and then
He smiled and reddened, too.
How could he make her understand?—
They knew.

Barbara Chapin, '41.

TO A GRAPEFRUIT

You may be one of nature's wonders,
Or may be one of nature's blunders.
But to you in anger I hereby blurt:
To me you're nothing but a squirt!

John Quirk, '41.

ACHIEVEMENT

The ski slope appeared steep and treacherous as I scanned its long, winding path from my elevated position overlooking the smooth, gleaming sheet of blinding whiteness. It *was* steep, exceedingly steep! Trying to thrust this far-from-comforting thought from my mind, I poised myself carefully on the ski jump. For a seemingly interminable length of time, vivid pictures, pictures of me hurtling headlong through the air, pushed themselves through my mind. Then someone shouting "Hurry up" startled me from my lethargy. With one swift intake of breath, I "let myself go." For a moment I seemed to teeter uncertainly; and then regaining balance, I glided through the crisp, morning air. The cold, biting wind whipping my cheeks cleared my somewhat fear-stricken mind. With considerable trepidation I landed—feet on the ground—at the bottom of the snow-blanketed slope. Then as I neared the so-called "hairpin turn," my remaining courage seemed to desert me. Utterly devoid of hope of salvation, I steeled myself to the task before me! I had to make it! It was either success or disaster! With a grim determination previously unknown to me, I took firm hold of myself, and, wonder of wonders, I completed the "turn." Thus conquering my fear, I skimmed on and finally accomplished the feat! Success at last!

Geraldine Balboni, '41.

NIGHT COMES

The sun had just gone down in the west and white foamy clouds appeared in the sky. Looking out of the window, I saw a beautiful sight. The sky was streaked a bright red and yellow. At last, it grew dark and twinkling stars, sparkling like brilliant diamonds, slowly began to peer forth. The moon in the east was a bright balloon.

Columbine Fragomeni, '42.

A COUNTRY CHURCH

It was Easter Day, around dusk, when I entered a little green and white church. The organist had just begun to play a melody which was soothing and peaceful to the soul. As soon as the music started, a change came over the occupants of the church. The women ceased their whispering; the men left the vestibule quietly and came to their seats; soft talking and laughing in the back room of the church was abruptly ended. The door to that room was softly opened and the choir, with the minister's wife fixing their collars and giving last minute instructions, quickly came into the church and waited for the opening hymn. The organist continued to play. The music at first filled the church with loud, triumphant peaceful melody. As the organist came to the end of her voluntary, the lights were put out, and each member of the choir lighted long, white candles and slowly started the processional. When they reached the altar they formed a cross and began to sing: "Christ the Lord is risen today!" I knew then that the friendliness which I had sought in a city church could easily be found in this little, sacred and holy church. Here the people were all friends united by the hand of God.

Jean Blackburn, '44.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

To hear stories of one's childhood is often embarrassing. There is no time so dreaded by a "too-too grown-up" adolescent as the moment when a fond parent relates so charmingly some episode in the past when her dear child "just *had* to wear braces on her teeth," and obligingly produces a photograph for the smirking audience. For a seemingly angelic father to be discovered to have been a childhood vandal by an equally vandalous son is little less than a catastrophe. Such incidents make us believe that perhaps the past is best forgotten.

Marion Langevin, '43.

THE HUNTER

"The Hunter riseth early in the morning;
He disturbeth the whole household;
He maketh great preparations—"

There it was at last—the perfect description of my Dad outfitting himself for a hunting trip.

When small brown birds rustle the dry leaves of autumn, Dad gets extremely ambitious. Days are busily spent taking down screens and putting up storm windows, cutting down cornstalks and pulling up carrots, chopping wood and doing many other necessary tasks. However, all this industry doesn't fool the rest of the family one bit, because besides these very domestic tasks, he also polishes his gun, checking over his other hunting paraphernalia at the same time. Then he spends several days in earnest conversation with his pals to decide on the time and place for their holiday. The next step concerns the all important subject of appeasing hunger. The menu is revised again and again, but finally the food is purchased and prepared. One time the problem of food transportation became so acute that father forgot his gun! The night before the glorious day, Dad retires early so that he will be well rested for an early start. Of course the rest of the family must go to bed early, too, so Dad can sleep.

Sometimes I think Dad has more fun in anticipating his trip than in the hunting itself.

Shirley Spring, '43.

MAN

Man is supreme master
Of his ruin and disaster,
Controls his fate, and nothing less
In ordering his happiness.

Beaulah Campbell, '44.

A STORY-BOOK CHARACTER

In the train, opposite me, sat the oddest-looking man I had ever seen. His unusual appearance attracted my whole and undivided attention. The more I surveyed this strange individual the more puzzling he seemed. His dark, leathery, wind-beaten face was partially covered by a short beard, and a drooping mustache hid most of his mouth. Shaggy eyebrows shadowed the watery, dismally-staring eyes. A dirty, ragged cap resting on pixied-shaped ears was pulled low over the long, thin straggly hair. The shabby, threadbare, tattered garments hung loosely from the thin, undernourished body and ended abruptly many inches above ankles and wrists, presenting to view limbs which suggested earlier strength. His thin, bony fingers twitched nervously on his knees. Intent upon his own thoughts he gazed gloomily out of the window, frowning deeply. I wondered, as I observed and studied him, what his occupation might be. I wondered, also, what his thoughts might be. This man, of undeterminable age was like a person from another world. Indeed, he might easily have been a character from a book.

Charlotte Gravel, '43.

FIRE

The long, hungry tongues of flame licked greedily at the dry wood of an ancient structure. Higher and higher they leaped until the building appeared to be encircled by flames. Volumes of dense smoke poured from the broken windows forming a dark cloud above the blazing inferno. This raging fire, which seemed to be a furious combat between flame and timber, cast a glowing illumination on the night sky and dyed it with a crimson hue. With a final cracking and snapping of scorched and weakened wood the building collapsed. At last the inferior strength of the lumber succumbed to the superior power of the fire!

Mary Quirk, '44.

Moods of Nature

SUNRISE

There are few sights to compare with the beauty of the sunrise. I watched the spectacle one morning in an ideal atmosphere. This opportunity was presented to me the day that the Agawam football team traveled to Swampscott. I say "ideal atmosphere" because we stopped at the "New Ocean House" for the night, and this hotel is located on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean.

That night, after the football game, a few of us boys could not get to sleep. Because it was early September and the weather still warm, we decided to go swimming in the ocean. It was about three o'clock Sunday morning when we got out of the water and dressed. We must have strolled for a couple of hours over the huge rocks on the beach when one of the boys called our attention to the sudden lightning of the sky in the east. We all crowded upon one huge rock to watch the coming of the sun. It seemed that the great red ball arose directly from the ocean. Darkness still hovered in the sky above us, but a great burst of light shot out over the horizon, and a ray of red sunlight spread over the sparkling water creating a shimmering path leading from the rising sun to the spot where we were standing. Each wave which spent itself on the beach threw forth a beautiful spray of colors. The ocean, as far as the eye could see, was a mass of shimmering silver. The spray on the rocks threw off all the colors imaginable as each drop rolled down into the sea. Then it was all over as suddenly as it had begun. Everything took on a grayish color as early morning approached.

Then, as if coming out of a trance, we all started talking at once. As I made my way back to the hotel, I knew that the enchanting sunrise was a picture that would stay in my memory forever. Edward Mason, '41.

DUSK

Dusk was now covering the snow-clad picturesque view which we saw from the end of the winding road at the foot of the hill. Here and there we could see lights as the bright day was drawing to a close. Each limb of every tree held its own mass of crystal-like flakes as though proudly doing its part in some great task. From over the peak of the snow-crested hill could be seen a hazy stream of smoke lazily winding its way higher and higher into the sky until no longer visible.

Camilla Carulli, '44.

A MOUNTAIN THUNDERSTORM

The first hint of a storm is in the swiftly darkening sky, and a tense feeling in the air. Even the giant pines seem to feel restless and start to quiver nervously. A deep growl which has steadily been growing louder, suddenly breaks, and the Thunder God's voice roars in all its fury. A blinding flash of light tears across the heavens, and the cold, gray mist changes to a downpour of what seems to be gallons of tears. After the first, wild tempest, the storm gradually diminishes, and tiny rays of light slowly creep through the haze.

Beatrice Stratton, '44.

WINTER NIGHT

The stillness of a winter night is indeed exciting. Beautiful to watch, the contrasting of the ivory whiteness of the snow with the inky blackness of the distant woods is a wonder of nature. The sharp crackling of dried leaves stirred by a faint breath of air, mingles with the soft patter of snowflakes, making a hushed, rhythm like the beating of a muffled drum.

Clayton Atwater, '42.

JUST DOGS

TAKE YOUR PICK

In the pet shop was a variety of canine characters. Each pup, in his own quaint fashion, silently appealed to the passing throng, who stopped often to look, but seldom to buy. With an unmistakably pert air, a pampered Pekinese, conscious of his beauty and delicate breeding, cocked his tiny head and performed disdainfully from the center of the paper-strewn enclosure. A sturdy pair of German Shepherd pups playfully romped and snarled, barked and snapped at one another, utterly oblivious of their surroundings. Huddling miserably in the dimly-lighted background, a doleful little hound turned her already sad eyes on the world outside, as if pondering dejectedly over the sadness she saw portrayed there. Surveying the whole scene with un unfathomable expression in his bulging eyes, a tiny replica of the closely-bred English bull let his pink tongue drool out of his ugly face. With each breed appealing so strongly to the dog lover, one would be hard-put to decide which should grace his fireside. What would be your choice?

Marion Langevin, '43.

JONESY

Robert Healy '41

JITTERBUG

I believe my dog, "Jitterbug," is the smartest animal in town. This amazing dog of mine actually dances when she wishes to obtain a morsel of food from any kind soul. Not only does she dance, but she talks, too. Yes, when she wants to gain your attention, she barks in such a manner that you turn and gaze inquiringly into her limpid brown eyes. Because she is a little Toy Bull, "Jitter" can never grow very big. So, when I look at other proud owners with their great big, clumsy, dumb animals strutting smugly by, I smile to myself and stroll past while "Jitterbug" happily prances by my side.

Shirley Caron, '42.

DAISY—OUR TERRIER

You should see our Daisy! She resembles the latest fad in handbags,—long but stubby. She loves to sleep while someone is reading a magazine or newspaper so that she can snuggle down under the cover and the light will not shine in her eyes!

Jean Petersen, '41.

MY FAVORITE DOG

You should have seen that pup! One might say he was a mongrel. He was long in body like a Daschund, and about the color of a Red Setter. His coat had a satiny smooth finish, and one invariably saw him in a yellow or plaid blanket. Yet again, he might wear both. He was generally seen flanked by two comrades. He was the best dog I ever had. Can't you just taste our delicious friend, Mr. Hotdog?

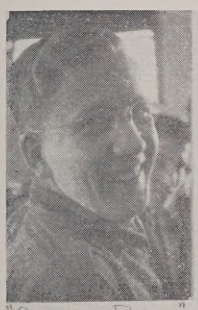
Shirley Matteson, '42.

MY BEST FRIEND

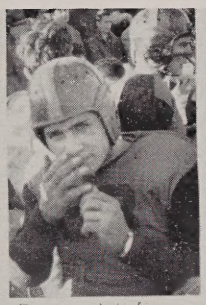
Our cocker spaniel is a small ball of black and white silky fur that just doesn't seem to get enough attention. Though shyness is a trait which she displays each day, we can't help loving her. She knows the four members of our family "inside-out," and won't allow any stranger to come near her. In the evening when we are together in the living room, "Snoopie" lies before the radiator eyeing us all affectionately and slowly thumping her short curly tail. After all, how much can you expect other than obedience, playfulness, and much affection from a pup who is just a dog?

Carol Frilen, '42.

CAUGHT IN THE MIRROR



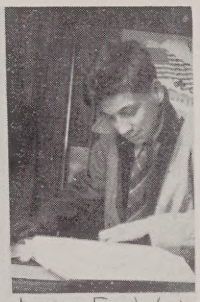
"Smiling Ralph"



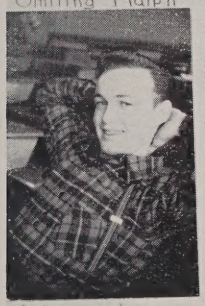
Before A Victory

Kid Party

The Band



Looking For Words

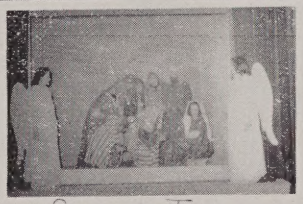


A Boy of Leisure

No Homework Harry?

Proud Juniors

"Mickey"



Christmas Tableau

Our Drum Majorette

Cheer Leaders

Rah! Rah! Team

7th Grade Football Champions

8th Grade Football Champions

MY MOTHER'S HANDS

To me, the sun can never shine
On woman's hands just half so fine
As those which are my mother's.

In all her days upon this earth
My mother's hands have proved their worth.
I'm glad they are no others.
They've taken her through trial and toil
When we at home have caused turmoil,
My dad and me and brother.

They've mended socks and picked up toys,
And brought me, oh, so many joys,
Those dear, sweet hands of mother's.

And in that dark and threatening hour
When life was weak and God held power,
Those hands were always standing by,
Trembling at my slightest sigh,
Never ceasing in their fight
To help me, neither day nor night.

And even now she's at my side
Acting as my honored guide,
Looking on with mounting pride,
She, in whom I can confide.

And when my actions do demand
That she her son must reprimand,
I know she still is at her stand,
For—Ouch!—That was my mother's hand!

Vincent Caroleo, '41.

BLIZZARD

A storm
Of wind and sleet,
A screen of pure white flakes
Cover my window.
It's snow!

Walter Haggerty, '46.

WINTER NIGHT

Pause, and gaze upon the scene,
A low white farmhouse and evergreen,
Snow piled thick upon the slanted roof,
Holding high its old white head aloof.

No moon, no stars, shine from the dingy sky,
Only the moaning, bending branches breathe
their burdened sigh.
No lights flicker upon the window-pane.
Within silence, warmth, and darkness reign.

Without silence, too, and the winds moaning
sigh
As it sweeps over the drifts piled high
And croons to the night a weird lullaby,
Invisible, cold, as it sways neath the sky.

And across the ghostlike pasture, cold and still,
Dance the lofty maples on the neighboring
hill,
And from their perch they gaze all around,
Casting their fantastic shadows on the
crusted ground.

Then the feathery snow flakes fall
On pasture fence and garden wall,
Gathering near the shed door, slightly ajar,
Drifting over the rolling meadows spread
afar.

A faint glow slowly sweeps the distant east.
It seems all the haunting sounds have ceased.
Skies seem a fragile curtain of dull gray;
Night is gone; the shadows creep away.
All creatures now have their perch;
Again is visible the slender white birch.

Weary, tired, a hound drags himself around,
Printing deep and crooked patterns on the
crusted ground.
He yawns; he scans the cheerless sky.
Another winter night has just crept by.

Virginia Fieldstad, '44.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH

H. G. Wells

Mr. Britling Sees It Through occurs in England several days before the dramatic outbreak of the first World War. The story, which gives the teader a conception of what war means to the Fnglish people, is built around the thoughts and actions of an average English family for the duration of the bloody contest.

The main character, Mr. Britling, does not change through the novel, but the younger generation suddenly becomes grown up. They turn from amusements and become part of the defensive war machine in England.

In writing *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, the author chose to enumerate the actions and thoughts of an average English family. The main character, Mr. Britling, is used as the vent for the author's ideas on the political situation at that time. The prevailing atmosphere is quiet and peaceful. The action in the story is not rash and jumpy but smooth and moderate. Although the ample time is given to the reader to visualize the blossoming gardens and to survey the quaint English countryside, the scenes and action shift in a leisurely fashion. The quaint, old, English home life portrayed in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* will live in my memory because it is real and the kind of home life that I like to dream about.

The theme of *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is majestically stated in this quotation: "Religion is the first thing and the last thing, and until a man has found God and been found by God, he begins at no beginning, he works to no end. He may have his friendships, his partial loyalties, his scraps of honor; but all these things fall into place and life falls into place only with God—only with God, God, who fights through men against Blind Force and Night and Non-Existence, who is the end, who is the meaning. He is the only King . . .

Of course I must write about Him. I must tell all my world of Him. And before the coming of the true King, the inevitable King, the King who is present whenever just men foregather, this blood-stained rubbish of the ancient world, these puny kings and tawdry emperors, these wily politicians and artful lawyers, these men who claim and grab and trick and compel, these war makers and oppressors will presently shrivel and pass—like paper thrust into a flame . . . "

After reading this story, I was at peace with the world and thankful that I was an American in America. One impression I could not escape was the trouble-free atmosphere I felt when I read a section on the Britling home. If I could live my life at "Matching's Easy," I should have one of my dreams answered.

Eugene Zielinski, '41.

BETHEL MERRIDAY

Sinclair Lewis

Bethel Merriday, a story written by Sinclair Lewis, is a swiftly moving tale of a young girl's dreams, trials, and finally success as an actress on the New York stage. Bethel's dream started unfolding on the night of her senior play at college. The following summer at a theater school on the New England coast, Bethel met her first professional actors. Then came the ordeal of New York, of tramping from agent to agent, until the godlike Andy Deacon whom she had met at the summer theater offered her a part in his road show *Romeo and Juliet* in modern dress. It was only a small part, but Bethel had a chance to understudy a great, but troublesome actress. She was on the road, at last, a professional actress, and Bethel asked nothing more.

Sinclair Lewis knows the stage as an actor and as a playwright. The details of Bethel's tour—of the slow process which changes a stage-struck girl into a real trouper, into an actress who, although she may reach the heights, is yet a fine performer to be admired and respected—are very clearly described. The author has written clear-cut, descriptive character sketches of each of the important players. Especially well written is the study of Iris Pentire, a young girl whom Bethel met at the summer theater. Ambition, jealousy, love, and hate are well brought out in small incidents throughout the book.

This is the first of Sinclair Lewis's books that I have read, and I enjoyed it very much. It brought to me the realization that acting isn't so simple as it seems, and that finding an opening in a new play is even more difficult. I heartily recommend *Bethel Merriday* to young and old who are interested in the theater and the problems of young people.

Carol Frilen, '42.

PEGGY COVERS THE NEWS

By Emma Bughee

Peggy Covers the News is a recent novel by Emma Bughee who is a staff reporter on the New York Herald Tribune. It takes place in the present and has two settings. In the first half of the book it occurs in the New York newspaper office. In the first half of the second part of the book it takes place in a small newspaper office in Pine Haven, Maine.

Our heroine is Margaret Forester, a slim, blue-eyed girl with coppery curls and a clear white skin which flushes quickly with color when she is excited. She has a quick but well-controlled temper. Our hero is Peter McPherson, a young man with a shock of untidy black hair and mischievous gray eyes in a lean homely face. Mr. Hugh Grimes, a crusty middle-aged man, and Kate Morrison, a stout, kindly, gray-haired newswoman, are Peggy's newspaper friends. Mr. Guy Jefferson, the blustering editor with a secretly sentimental heart, is also her friend.

The story revolved around the newspaper world, and it tells of the bright, humorous side and the dark, sad side of newspaper life. The story also tells of Peggy's difficulties and how she overcomes them. The hard work in composing the stories that were to go into the newspaper is also dealt with.

I enjoyed this book because of the ability of Miss Bughee's way of telling the story. It seemed to pick you up out of this world and set you down in the newspaper world. You go right along with Peggy on her exploits and imagine with her. Miss Bughee, who is the staff reporter on the New York Herald Tribune, knows the newspaper life, and she paints a very educational picture of it.

Patricia Jameson, '44.

FLOWERING WILDERNESS

John Galsworthy

Flowering Wilderness, by John Galsworthy, is an exceedingly absorbing novel. The setting, for the most part rural England, is very well adapted to both the characters and plot, for England with its long-adhered-to customs and conventions offers comparatively no sympathy for those who wilfully or unwilfully lower her worldly supremacy. The descriptions of the typical English countryside, so effectively rendered by Galsworthy, provide a suitable background for this colorful, well-balanced novel.

In addition to this quaint setting, *Flowering Wilderness* presents a startling array of characters—characters at once decidedly distinctive and yet intensely human. Wilfred Desert and Dinny Cherrell are undoubtedly predominating for the main threads of the narrative center almost exclusively around them. Wilfred, a rather unfathomable individual, is constantly wrought with varying emotions—love, hate, indifference, repentance, and resignation. All these inevitably result in a somewhat strange but nevertheless compelling character. Dinny, on the other hand, a charming, intelligent young woman is altogether captivating! Her quaint mannerisms, reserved speech, and abundant vitality, all contribute toward making her an extremely magnetic person.

Not only are the setting and the characters admirable, but equally so is the well-constructed plot. It is so expertly woven that one unconsciously marvels at the inordinate manner in which the author unravels the intricate details and minute happenings to form a perfect cycle of related incidents and events. Dinny and Wilfred, utterly different in conceptions of right and wrong as well as in character and background, are drawn to one another by some undefinable force. Wilfred, who has recanted at the pistol point of an Arab chieftain, is enduring tremendous mental consternation, because his recantation has affected a tradition of the English people; that is, the Eastern peoples will no longer respect the once looked-up-to Englishman. It is at this moment when he is experiencing such mental anguish, that he meets Dinny, an exceedingly vibrant, stimulating personality. Naturally, they are attracted to one another, and eventually they fall in love. But because Wilfred refused to implicate Dinny in this affair, he severs their relationship and leaves Dinny in spite of her wanting to continue as if nothing existed to separate them. The story concludes with Wilfred returning to the East, still trying to justify his long-regretted actions, and Dinny vainly attempting to thrust the persistent thoughts of her lover from her mind.

From the foregoing paragraph one can readily see that the novel is realistic in both its presentation and subject matter. The theme, concerning the effect of social institutions and conventions upon two young people, is very effectively employed, for Galsworthy secures a throughly realistic situation by his clever use of humor, wit, and pathos. Then, too, the relative space devoted to narration, description, exposition, and dialogue results in a very well-balanced novel, and the descriptions through which the reader immediately detects Galsworthy's love for nature, are very characteristic of the author's style. Through these means Galsworthy undoubtedly succeeds in making his novel unique and thoroughly realistic, for the artistry employed in depicting the characters, the vitality with which the action occurs, and the apparent significance of the story all tend to make this novel one of enduring greatness.

Geraldine Balboni, '41.

MEMORABLE CHARACTERS

SHERLOCK HOLMES

The outstanding character in modern mystery fction is Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur C. Doyle's super-detective. Holmes was a middle-aged bachelor who lived in London. He loved to play on his violin or to sit back, eyes closed, and enjoy a pipe. While on a case, Holmes and his double-visored cap and meerschaum pipe were inseparable. Holmes could tell at a glance where a person came from, some of his habits, and sometimes the work last done by the person under inspection. Doyle's style is such that one believes almost anything capable of Sherlock Holmes.

Albert Gagnon, '43.

THE VIRGINIAN

In my opinion the Virginian is an outstanding literary character. In this story written by Owen Wister the hero seems very real and daring. His life is spent living on a ranch and trying to bring law to Bear Creek. His increasing friendship with the "schoolmarm," in particular, makes the book even more fascinating. The hero gives a vivid and understanding picture of western life. As the years go on the Virginian brings peace and justice to Bear Creek. He, himself, finds peace and contentment in settling down to a quiet married life.

Pauline Secord, '42.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER

Ever since I first read *Tom Sawyer*, I have always thought of him as a real boy, as real as those I see every day. He has a dislike towards "doin' the chores" as we boys today do. He loves to stay away from school to go hunting and fishing. He even has school romances. Yes, ever since the first time I read about Tom, I have considered him to be a real American boy.

Theodore Donais, '43.

BEATRIX CASTLEWOOD

Beatrix Castlewood, the maid in waiting whom Esmond loved in Thackeray's novel, *Henry Esmond*, was the personification of lustrous physical beauty, captivating charm, and unscrupulous ambition. She was a strikingly beautiful woman with power to win the goodwill or love of anyone she chose. Her temperament was very changeable, amiable one moment and in an enraged tantrum the next. Thackeray describes her as "agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting now imperious, now sarcastic." Her rejection of Esmond's suit and her apparent fickleness in her love affairs at court were all the result of her attempts to win the richest and most powerful man she possibly could. It was this consuming ambition that brought about the unfortunate affair of Prince James, the loss of Esmond's love, and her exile into France.

Albina Shea, '41.

"BIBBS"

"Bibbs", one of the main characters in *Turmoil* by Tarkington, seems to me one of the most delightful characters I have ever read about. By constantly setting new goals to work for and always reaching them, he gained the friendship of many people. When confronted with a very trying problem, he set out at once to solve it, no matter how hard or discouraging the problem was. His exceedingly pleasant personality was gained by very hard work and many attempts, for in the beginning, when he was ill, he was regarded as unimportant even by his family. As you can see, "Bibbs" really is a very impressive person.

Christina Coughlin, '42.

FROM FICTION

SETH BEDE

Seth Bede was a memorable character. True, the book in which he is found is "Adam Bede." Still, Seth is imprinted on my memory as a much more human and appealing character than Adam. There was a look of good humored, honest intelligence about his tall, stalwart build, and from his grey, confiding eyes a benignant glance shone forth. The reader laughs and cries with and for Seth. He was a man of many qualities—gracious, stout-hearted, sincere, wise, and understanding. What strength he must have had to conceal the many hurts his mother's fanatic devotion for Adam must have caused him! How likeable he was to laugh heartily with others at his own expense over humorous mistakes! His unappreciated devotion to his mother touches the reader's heart. The warm-heartedness and sincerity with which he congratulates Adam when Adam wins Dinah, the girl Seth had adored and courted for so long, proves Seth to be an endearing character—one whom the reader won't or can't merely meet and forget.

Myrtle Maillard, '41.

WILLIAM BAXTER

Anyone who has ever read Booth Tarkington's amusing novel, *Seventeen*, will agree with me when I say "Willie" Baxter was a very interesting character. Who was it who kept the readers enthusiastic throughout the story by getting into so much mischief? Willie, of course. Who was it who had so many amusing quarrels with his sister, Jane, and had such an adventurous love-affair? Willie, once again.

Eleanore Kerr, '43.

AN AMERICAN HERCULES

Paul Bunyan, the hero of every logger from the irregular coast of California to the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, is the most famed, mythical character of American Literature. Every logger that has ever touched the handle of an ax has heard that name over and over. It rings in his ears like the melodious tones of an organ. Many a tall, majestic pine has shuddered at the mere mention of his name. Paul Bunyan, a massive giant, who combed his beard with a young pine tree; who skidded his lumber with Babe the Blue (a vast creature who measured forty-two) ax-handler and a ply of chewing tobacco between his horns; who ate flapjacks from a griddle greased by twenty-four Arabs sliding across the pan with slabs of bacon tied to their feet; who tamed the Mississippi when it was young and made the Great Lakes—Paul Bunyan, the lumberjack's hero, was truly an American Hercules.

Wallace Gulliver, '42.

KIM

A familiar character is Kim, whose varying thoughts, words, and actions arouse our interest in him. His cunning is accompanied by a doing unusual in a child. His boldness both amuses and irritates his friends. They, however, knowing his steadfast loyalty to anyone whom he calls "friend," either smile or gently frown at his antics. Kim's crafty mind stores knowledge sought in dispair by others not knowing India's habits of concealment. Shining through these useful and unusual characteristics is Kim's charming boyishness which gains him his army of friends.

Frances Kaskeski, '43.

GRAY CAPS

Gray Caps, written by Rose B. Knox, takes place in the South during the Civil War and centers mainly around the life of the Forrest family.

The chief characters are Cary, one of the twins, whose ambition was to become drummer in the Gray Hornets, the first North Carolina division of the Confederate army; Carleston, his twin sister; Mary Forrest, mother of the Forrest clan, whose tenderness, kindness, sympathy, and love is cherished by all; Judge Forrest, the father; Bud Wayne, country boy, who becomes an official member of the Forrests and is liked by all; and Bang and Uncle Eph, two negro servants.

At the beginning in Avalon, North Carolina, the Forrests are a peaceful, home-loving family with adventures and trouble like our own. The Forrest plantation was like any other house in Avalon. There were many acres of land surrounding the plantation with orchards, stables, and servants and their quarters. Gradually the peaceful town of Avalon became a place of fear and hate for the North. Factories, warehouses, cotton and woolen mills, and fields of crops were destroyed and bloodshed was everywhere. This was the Civil War. The Forrest family was broken up, and the boys went away to join the army to fight for the freedom of the South. Not until the war was over did people breathe freely once more. The war did not leave victory, but debt, bloodshed, a disillusioned people, and a South needed to be rebuilt.

I enjoyed reading this book because it gave me a clear impression of the South during the Civil War. It helped me to realize what the South went through.

Shirley Wentworth, '44.

MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

Mysterious Island, written by Jules Verne, has for its setting a lonely, uninhabited island in the southern portion of the Pacific Ocean. This story takes place during the Civil War Period.

The chief characters are as follows: Cyrus Harding, an engineer; Neb, his devoted servant; Harding's understudy, Herbert; Gideon Spilett, reporter for the New York Herald; Pencroft, a sailor; Master Jup, an ape; and Top, their faithful dog.

It is my opinion that *Mysterious Island* is undoubtedly one of the best books I have ever read because it is filled with breath-taking moments, mysterious and supernatural events that hold one in suspense until they are solved.

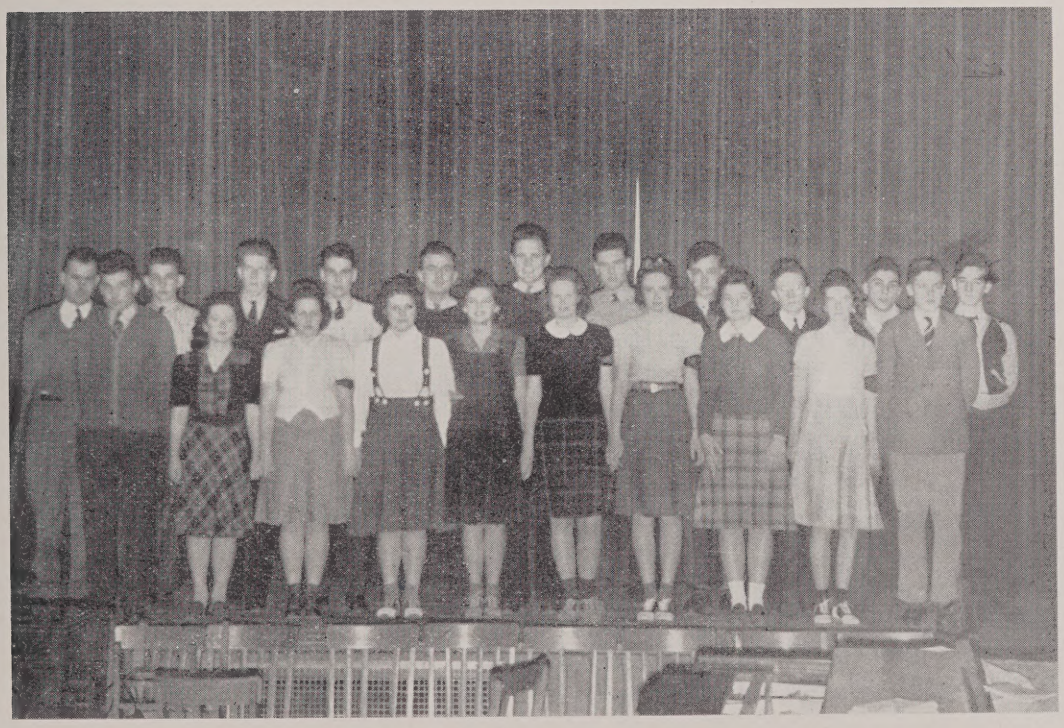
John Duplessis, '44.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's conception of himself in *The Story of a Bad Boy* is that of a very mischievous youngster. I can't imagine any boy of his age today going to jail as he almost did. Neither can I imagine a boy of today wanting to celebrate the Fourth of July badly enough to drag an old cannon out of the water. When the great feat of loading the cannon, attaching it to a continuous fuse, and discharging it was completed, the people of the town thought they had been attacked. The adventure of pushing the old buggy down the hill and into a bonfire didn't turn out to be as humorous as it seemed either. Although there are many mischievous youngsters in our midst, I don't believe they could keep up with the quick pace of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Charles Tyler, '42.

OPERETTA CAST



STUDENT COUNCIL

A SOPHOMORE CLASS TEST

Moving pictures were shown to the period 5, English II class, in an attempt to test their power of observation. The picture was divided into two distinct parts, the first of which included a fishing trip, showing the scenery around the lakes and streams in deep Maine. This colored film was very descriptive in pointing out the advantages of Maine's fishing on brooks, lakes, streams, and ponds. The movie not only pointed out the good fishing facilities, but it gave the students an idea of the way men travel through the woods. This concluded but one half of the whole movie.

The second of the two reels included a canoe trip down one of Maine's larger streams, the Saco River. In this picture, both men and women enjoyed the life in the very wild section of the "Vacation Land." Men went fishing and hiking, and some climbed high green mountains spotted here and there by little patches of snow. Towards the end of the movie, the pupils were shown pictures of beautiful sunsets that were said to be characteristic of the "Pine Tree State."

All through the movie the pupils were on the look-out for scenes that would test their observation. Afterwards, they were given an examination. Many questions tested their observational powers and told them whether their powers were strong or limited. The results showed that most of the students were extremely weak in observing the nature of the common as well as the unusual sights. They learned that in order to become good writers, they must first observe intelligently and minutely the subject they have chosen for the composition.

Andrea Cornfoot, '42.

DESK MARKING

There is an old adage—"Fool's names as well as faces, are always seen in public places." This applies to desk marking in school. Most of us of high school age should be intelligent enough to realize that desk marking is a childish habit which should be stopped. When we are assigned to a room, we choose a desk which is our personal property for a year. These childish habits are considered destructive and ignorant by others. Let us think of our furniture at school as we would of furniture at home.

Mary J. Buiso, '45.

I VISIT THE SHRINER'S HOSPITAL

My visit through the Shriner's Hospital in Springfield was one of the most memorable experiences of my life.

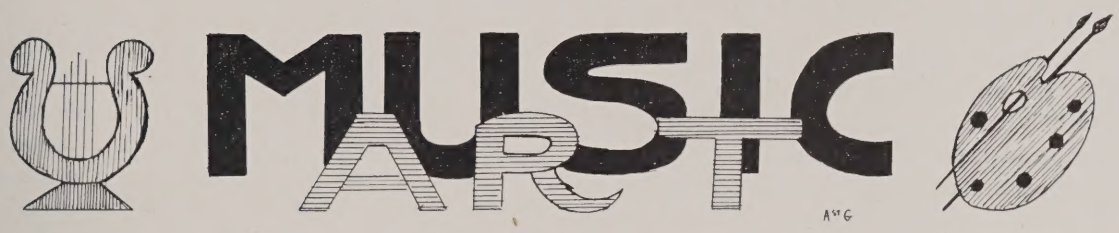
I viewed the physical therapy department which consisted of three rooms: the first with a swimming pool for arm and leg exercising, the second with bicycles for muscle exercising, and the third with pulleys for body exercising.

In the occupational therapy room there are many types of crafts carried on. I was surprised to see the metal work that is done by such small children. They make book ends, holders, aprons, and do all sorts of color work, paint work, woodwork, fancy sewing, and bead work.

The school room is probably the most interesting. There are several chairs which are suitably constructed to accommodate the physical disabilities of the patients.

I was much impressed by the systematic organization of this institution and the happy atmosphere which is not always associated with hospitals. For the first time I began to realize what a marvelous work is being carried on in our midst and how very fortunate are those of us who do not need this care.

Jean Petersen, '41.



OPERETTA WINS ACCLAIM

One of the most important events of the fall was the superb performance of the operetta, Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Pirates of Penzance* on Friday evening, November 22.

Ably directed by Miss Ruth Perry, the cast did an excellent piece of work, acting and singing equally well.

The cast was as follows:

Major-General Stanley—Wilbur Miller

Pirate King—Raymond Kaskeski

Samuel, His Lieutenant—Kenneth Leger

Frederic, the Pirate Apprentice—Ivan Shepard

Sergeant of Police—Alfred Mutti

Mabel—Lillian Protzenko

Edith—Cecelia Napolitan

Kate—Evelyn Comeau

Isabel—Claire Letendre

Ruth—Helen Davis

Assisting was a large chorus of Pirates, Police, and General Stanley's Wards.

The beautiful costumes were designed and made by Miss Emily McCormick, Miss Elizabeth McCormick, and Miss Eleanor Miller. Miss Mary Crowley, Mr. Raymond Harris, and Mr. Henry Baker supervised the making of the scenery, while Mr. Daniel Holmes assisted with the chorus.

ART WEEK

Through the efforts of Miss Crowley an interesting program was organized for Art Week, November 1 through 6.

Groups of famous pictures were on display on the bulletin boards in the halls. The art of Central America was displayed in the seventh grade study room while an exhibition of interior decorating and fashions was on display in the Home Economics department.

A collection of European arts and crafts was exhibited in the art room under the direction of Miss Crowley's classes.

Perhaps the climax of the week was a quiz on famous paintings. The contest was based on the identification of numbered pictures in senior high school rooms. A number of students won prizes for having the nearly correct lists.

Miss Crowley was assisted by Jennie Subotin, Jennie Zancho, and Eleanor Zucco.

The art appreciation class has studied Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Byzantium, and Romanesque architecture.

POSTER CONTEST

The poster contest in connection with the annual operetta, "Pirates of Penzance" was held. The judges, Miss Viva Potter, Miss Marjorie Ward, and Mr. Daniel Holmes, of the faculty, awarded the first prize to Mary Gaj, an eighth grade pupil. Eleanor Zucco, a senior, won second place.

AMONG THE LINES AND SPACES

Thanks to Miss Pratt and her department, the band appeared at the Turners Falls game and two assemblies with new orange-trimmed capes and caps. The band owes its straight lines, square corners, and countermarches to the efforts of Shirley Linnehan, the Drum Majorette and Mr. Baker, who has charge of all of the marching. Under Miss Perry the band is now concentrating on improving the music.

The orchestra appreciated Miss Perry's way of expressing her Christmas greetings to them. Everyone enjoyed his share of the candy that Miss Perry distributed.

Each member of the sixth period music appreciation class is saving a dime a week so that she can go to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. The girls and Miss Perry plan to go February twenty-second.

The girls have already seen one opera. They attended the performance of the "Barber of Seville" at the Municipal Auditorium on November thirteenth. They enjoyed the performance very much and know that their New York visit will be more enjoyable because of this.

On Saturday afternoon, December seventh, the girls of the Music Appreciation Class went to Miss Perry's house to listen to and discuss the opera, "The Marriage of Figaro." This was most interesting because it is a sequel to the "Barber of Seville." The class stayed for dinner which was cooked by Miss Perry.

The operetta cast and the business committee had an operetta party at the Captain Leonard House this same night. Refreshments were served at Miss Perry's apartment.

P. S. Miss Perry is an excellent cook!

Miss Perry announces the formation of two classes, a woodwind class at 8:00 A. M. on Thursdays, and a brass class at 8:00 A. M. on Tuesdays. The brass class is under the direction of Mr. Stanley Woozick. Mr. Shumway, who is recognized as one of the best teachers in the Valley, instructs the woodwind class. If anyone wishes to join either of these classes, he should consult Miss Perry as soon as possible.

PATTER

The orchestra claims to have both the school's smallest boy and the best archer. They play second violin and saxophone, respectively.—Rumor has it that a French Horn would be twenty feet long if uncoiled, but don't uncoil one to find out!—French Horns are made in Germany. Since the war started, the price has jumped from $90.00 to $440.00—Eunice Tevelov sometimes favors the early-birds at band rehearsals with popular selections on the piano.—Anita Stewart and Doug Trevallion usually join in before it's over.—Dick Toelken recently turned up with a bamboo Shepherd's Pipe. He and Alice Fickweiler '29 have played Christmas Carols on these instruments for church gatherings.—The extra-classy name for Bugle Bells is Glockenspiel.—Shirley Linnehan has been practicing twirling. It is hoped that she will trot out the results soon.

The band is starting on a second folio of marches. We hope that this new book proves to be as good as the first folio.

The proceeds from the operetta was used for the purchasing of a field drum, trumpet, and two clarinets.

Impressions From A Visit To The Art Museum

The picture which interested me the most was the "Madonna and the Child" by Jan Van Ecyk. The beautiful lasting color, the wine in the bottle, the brass pan, candle sticks, and bureau knobs all reflected light and gave such a brilliant appearance. The composition, design, and highlights were unbelievable. To me that was the most inspiring picture of the whole collection. The second most beautiful picture was "The Mother and Child" by Mme. Le Brun. The beautiful faces and the hands were real and natural looking. I was very much disappointed in the looks and appearance of Rembrandt's self-portrait. His *Saskia* was very beautiful. Her smile could be interpreted in many ways.

Jennie Zancho, '41.

The first picture, "The Ince Hall Madonna," drawn by the Flemish painter, Jan Van Ecyk, impressed me the most. The beautiful color which he blended into the lady's robe seemed impossible at such an early stage of the progress of painting. The fine design and the excellent portrayal of minor details in the picture brought out the craftiness and the keenest of Van Ecyk's brush. His skillful painting and influence of shadow made the figure stand out. One would never believe that such a gorgeous painting could be mastered in the early 1400's.

Raymond Barbieri, '42.

A picture I liked was the "Two Fisher Boys," by Frans Hals. I enjoyed that picture which tells of the way the people of the artist's time earned their living and also of their way of dress. The color contrast in the picture made the two boys most lifelike.

William Colson, '42.

The paintings which I thought were the most interesting in the exhibit were those of the Dutch landscape painters. The subject in all of these pictures emphasized the occupation of the people. They were fishermen and sailors and were naturally interested in the sea and weather. The point which interested and puzzled me most was how these painters could combine different colors to make objects look so real and also how they could paint so many small details.

Ralph Oliver, '41.

REMBRANDT'S SELF PORTRAIT

The thing which interested me most in this picture was the fine detail in the hair, eyes, and the fold of the clothes. In this picture there was no flattery, as to me he looked very ugly, but his eyes showed wisdom and an unhappy life.

Shirley Smith, '43.

INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURE

Richard Toelken '42, is making a hobby of building Shepherd's Pipes. A Shepherd's Pipe is a ten-inch bamboo tube with seven finger holes, a cork mouthpiece, and a "sound window," which makes the air vibrate. The cork mouthpiece is shaped to direct the air to the window, and the holes are spaced to form a scale. About one and one-half octaves are available by means of trick fingering. These one and one-half octaves provide enough range to play many different tunes.

THE BAND

Shirley Linnehan, Drum Majorette
Anita Stewart—Trumpet.
John Wylie—Trumpet.
Jean Blackburn—Trumpet.
Charlotte Gravel—Trumpet.
Wesley Carr—Cornet.
Eleanor Kerr—Flute.
Wesson Maillard—Clarinet.
Harvey Light—Clarinet.
Roger Connors—Clarinet.
Douglas Trevallion—Saxophone.
Eunice Tevelov—Saxophone.
Stanley Saltzman—Saxophone.
Hugh Kerr—Trombone.
Louis Draghetti—Trombone.
Shirley Ahern—Drums.
John Caldon—Drums.
Clayton Atwater—Drums.
Lorraine Harpin—Bugle Bells.
Mary Manos—Triangle.
Francis Nolin—Tuba.
Norman Wood—Cymbals.
Richard Toelken—Mellophone.

ORCHESTRA NEWS

The orchestra has started on some new pieces. Following is the list:

Ave Maria—Schubert
March from Tannhauser—Wagner
Merry Widow Overture
In A Monastery Garden—Ketelly

A NEW SONG

Here is a verse to put to the tune of K-K-K-Katy.

A-A-A-AGAWAM!
Beautiful AGAWAM!
You're the only
S-s-s-school that I adore—
When the s-sun shines,
Over the ball field,
I'll be cheering
'Til my t-t-t-throat is sore!

ON THE DIAL

The "sweetest music this side of heaven" is played every Monday and Friday evenings from ten to ten-thirty by my favorite orchestra leader, Guy Lombardo. He presents a very well planned program consisting of songs of today and yesterday. In each broadcast Guy Lombardo introduces a song never heard on the radio before. One reason why I enjoy his program so well is that it is so well balanced with waltzes, and swing music. "Variety is the spice of life".

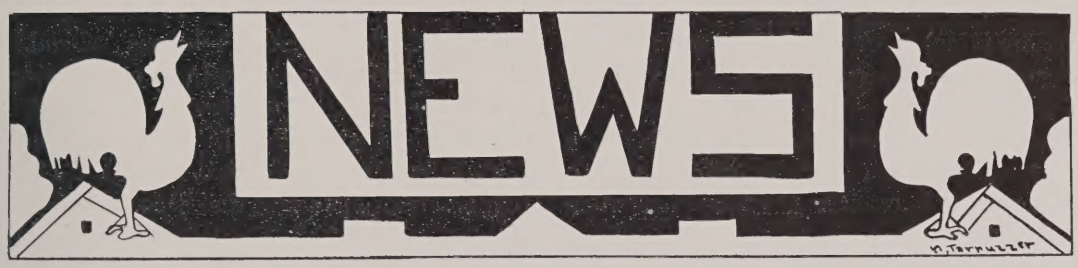
Shirley French, '41.

"Information Please" is the radio program that I prefer. In spite of a recent change of sponsor, this program remains one of the best of the thousands that may be heard over the air within a week. It is superbly conducted by the versatile Clifton Fadiman, who has as one of his "experts," the clever, witty poet, Franklin P. Adams. This program lacks none of the humor of many comedy performances, and contains in its duration more answers to literary questions than many of the best magazines. Look everywhere, if you please, but you'll find none better than "Information Please."

Charles Carr, '41.

My favorite radio personality is Lowell Thomas. He possesses all the qualities that radio requires of a good commentator. His voice is smooth, and his diction is perfect. His concise, direct, and clear presentations of news events are varigated by an engaging sense of humor. Millions of listeners testify to his superiority over minor news reporters.

Vincent Caroleo, '41.



AGAWAM WELCOMES NEW FACULTY

This year Agawam High School welcomes three new teachers to its staff! Miss Frances Pratt, Mr. Daniel Holmes, and Mr. William Purcell.

Miss Pratt teaches the new Home Economics course, and Vocational Household Arts for girls of the Junior-Senior classes. She is a graduate of Framingham State Teachers College and formerly taught in the schools of New Salem, Mass.

Mr. Holmes, who is an alumnus of Bridgewater State Teachers College comes from the grammar school of Bernardston, where he was principal. He is instructor of history, hygiene, and music for the seventh grade.

Mr. Purcell, who teaches English in the seventh grade, is a graduate of Fitchburg Normal School. Previously he was teacher-coach in Proctor High School, Vermont.

PRO MERITO

The Agawam High School congratulates the following members, who for the past three years have held an 85 per cent average and are now members of the Pro Merito society: Lorraine Hawkes, Kenneth Leger, Alma Lodi, Geraldine Balboni, Evelyn Comeau, Helen Davis, Gloria Savioli, Eleanor Scagni, Catherine Smith, Edith Marinetti, Edmund Massa, Millie Pisano, Charles Porter, and Robert Healy. These people attended a convention in South Hadley in October.

CLASS OFFICERS

Senior	
President	Robert Healy
Vice-President	Marianne Brady
Secretary	Alma Lodi
Treasurer	John Walker
Junior	
President	Arthur Gallerani
Vice-President	Lorraine Harpin
Secretary	Ruth Raison
Treasurer	George Guidi
Sophomore	
President	Francis Nolin
Vice-President	Andrea Cornfoot
Secretary	Marian Langevin
Treasurer	Henry Daglio
Freshman	
President	Lewis Jones
Vice-President	Lois Fournier
Secretary	Marjorie Raffinetti
Treasurer	Donald Taddia

OUTSTANDING SENIOR

By a vote of the faculty and the Senior Class Marianne Brady was chosen representative of the Agawam High School in the contest sponsored by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Only the name of a student of outstanding character and school citizenship may be entered. Marianne's name will be sent to Boston where it will be submitted along with the names of girls chosen in the surrounding high schools. The person whose name is drawn will be given a free trip to Washington, D. C.

Good luck, Marianne!

A NEW ACQUISITION

We are proud to announce the purchase of an "Ampro" 16-millimeter sound projector by our school.

The equipment consists of a projector, a crystal microphone, and a record player. The projector is capable of showing silent or sound pictures.

Under the supervision of Mr. Hadley, ten boys have been taught to use this equipment. This course has given the boys a chance to become familiar with the operation of the latest sound projectors.

This equipment is used in Music Appreciation, in the Public Speaking class, and in geography and science classes. Its portability also makes it possible to use it in the grammar schools of our town.

The films to be given are based on the United States. These films are to be shown in an attempt to make pupils conscious of what United States has to offer.

During the year of 41-42, Mr. Hadley plans to present a program showing films on sections and industries of our country and movies on foreign countries to enable students to compare other countries with our own. Some of these sound films will be in technicolor.

RED CROSS COURSE

Preparations are being made for the regular Red Cross course entitled "Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick," to be inserted into the Home Economics Course. Any other girls who are interested may join the class. Miss Edna Gorton, R. N. of Springfield will head the program. Subjects studied by the girls will include health in the home and community, diseases, care of babies, care of sick rooms and patients, medicines, and first aid. Upon completing the course, the girls will be given an examination. Upon passing this test, each girl will receive a certificate.

An Impressive Service

One of the finest Christmas assemblies ever presented to the school was given Friday, December 20. The service consisted of a candlelight procession in which the Junior High School choir, directed by Mr. Holmes, participated. The program was in the form of a series of tableaux representing the story of the birth of Christ. The narrator of the story was Ruth Raison, and while she spoke, the tableaux were shown. During the service appropriate songs were sung by Lillian Protzenko and Norman Wood, and Joseph Tangocci played his accordion. "The Story of the Christmas in Pictures" was compiled and written by Shirley Spring who ably assisted Mr. Langlois who directed it. The participants were:

Mary—Shirley Ahern
Gabriel—Catherine Smith
Joseph—Dorothy Woodruff
Citizens—Evelyn Comeau, Theresa La Valley, Claire Letendre, Helen Smith
Inn Keeper—Charlotte Gravel
Shepherds—Ralph Barker, John Wylie, Wayne Clark
Wise Men—Cecile Brusseau, Lucille Letendre, Cecilia Napolitan
Angels—Lillian Protzenko, Shirley Spring.

RALPH BRADFORD WINS CONTEST

On September 17 in the regional contest in showmanship at the Eastern States Exposition, Ralph Bradford, '42 achieved new honors for Massachusetts and Agawam by winning over the contestants from twelve other states. Ralph has been a member of the Agricultural Department for three years. Agawam is proud of Ralph's accomplishments.

HOME ECONOMICS

This year a Home Economics course has been added to our curriculum.

Under the supervision of Miss Pratt, twenty-two girls are learning how to be better home-makers and better buyers.

This new course is designed for two years. The first year, in the study of foods, the girls learn how to prepare a complete breakfast and luncheon. Each part of these two meals are completely studied. The girls are also required to make an apron, a pair of pajamas, a woolen skirt, a rayon blouse, and a cotton dress.

Nutrition, fabric study, consumers' buying, knitting and foreign embroidering, and the study of clothes selection for each type of person are also included.

The second year consists of a food course, in which the girls learn to make a complete dinner, and canning, pickling, etc. The second year clothing course consists of the study of the renovation problem, and the making of a tailored suit or coat, a silk dress, and an evening dress.

In addition to school work, each girl is required to spend three hundred hours at home on work she has learned in school. She must keep a record of the time she spends at home on cooking, baking, and other such home activities; and a record of the cost of everything she may make.

Also, each girl is required to prepare a complete meal at home for her family. At this time, Miss Pratt will visit the home to watch the girl at work, to see how well planned the meal is, and to see whether the table is correctly set.

BEWARE! TRAFFIC OFFICERS HERE

The Agawam Junior High has a system of traffic control in the junior high corridors. The traffic officers prevent the pupils from making too much noise and from running in the corridors.

PISANO AWARDED TROPHY

At an assembly on December 12, 1940, Joseph Pisano was presented the Lieutenant William H. McNally detachment of the Marine Veterans' League trophy, for being the best Western Mass. football player of 1940.

Seated on the stage were Superintendent Benjamin Phelps, Principal Frederick Dacey, Mr. George Springer, known to all sport fans as "the Jotter," Mr. Al Styzick, representative of the *Daily News*, Mr. Ralph Campbell, Major Corbett of the United States Marines, who presented the trophy, and our schoolboy star, Joseph Pisano.

When asked to say a few words after the presentation, Joe smiled and said, "This is the happiest moment of my life." He also expressed his thanks and gratitude to the faculty, for the wonderful co-operation of the boys on the squad, and to Coach Smith, who did an outstanding job of coaching.

The school was then asked to stand and salute Joseph Pisano, the best Western Mass. football player of 1940.

The assembly ended with cheers for Pisano, Capt. Healy, Coach Smith, and the team.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB

Officers

President, Thomas Rice.
Vice President, Rita Gallagher.
Secretary, Constance Pariseau.
Treasurer, Vesta Porter.

The object shall be to discuss world events and to prepare its members to be active, intelligent, and better citizens.

This year the club expects to have a great deal of committee work, debates, and speakers. Parliamentary rules will be exercised at all meetings. Each member will have an opportunity to express his own opinion and accept others. There will also be social events.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has benefited greatly by attending conventions at various places. So far this year our council has been represented at the Valley Wheel Convention in Palmer and the Western Massachusetts Body of Associated Student Councils at Classical High School in Springfield. The delegates to these conventions joined in panel discussions and brought back numerous ideas about organization and finances of the Student Councils.

As a result of the Convention in Palmer, Agawam will be the host to the schools of the Valley Wheel for a convention to be held sometime in February. Plans are now being made for this event.

Many new and popular records have been bought by the Student Council for dancing. The purchase of these records was made possible by the generous donations of the clubs and the individual students. Nearly every club donated enough money to buy two or three records. More records will be bought in future weeks.

OFFICE PRACTICE

This year the Typing Department is offering a new service to the faculty members. Senior girls and boys taking typing and shorthand are acting as secretaries to the teachers, thereby affording the teacher much more efficiency as well as acquiring experience and practice for themselves. Those students who are secretaries are: Eleanor Pruczinski, Gloria Savioli, Jeannette Hart, Lucille Letendre, Frances Arnold, Evelyn Comeau, Rita Letendre, Lorraine Hawkes, Alma Lodi, Millie Pisano, Eleanor Scagni, Dorothy Conroy, Cecile Brusseau, Patricia Coughlin, Jean Petersen, Joan Baker, Marguerite Letellier, Esther Littlefield, Evelyn DiDonato, Madeline Richard, Phyllis Connor, Norma Mitchell, Carmella Pisano, Alfred Daglio, Alfred Mutti, Thelma Wheeler, and Philip Brusseau.

JUNIOR HIGH STUDENT COUNCIL

The purpose of the Agawam High Junior Student Council is to promote the best interests of the school, to develop school leadership, and to stress the cooperation of every student in order to carry out the laws of the building.

The officers of the Student Council are as follows: a president and secretary from the eighth grade, a vice-president and treasurer from the seventh grade. The offices are held by the following people: president, Robert Southworth; vice-president, Ellen Letendre; secretary, Fern Dearnley; and treasurer, Thomas Stapleton.

The president presides at each meeting, and there is a guest speaker. Mr. Baker is the faculty adviser. The meetings are held once a month in Room 6.

The chief marshal is appointed in September by the faculty adviser with the consent of the principal. This year Jack Keane is the chief marshal.

Every student of Agawam High is asked to cooperate with both Junior and Senior Student Councils by being quiet in the halls and not scattering paper around the building.

Fern Dearnley, '45.

JUNIOR CABARET

About one hundred students attended the Junior Cabaret, known as the "Black Cat Grotto," on December 6. The decorations, including black cats and lighted candles, were very original and lent mystery to the atmosphere. Music for the occasion was furnished by Ray Sparrow's Orchestra. Entertainment consisted of songs, an original adajio dance, and a piano duet presented by members of the junior class. The dance was a great success. Committee chairmen were as follows: George Guidi, Ruth Raison, Arthur Gallerani, Shirley Linnehan, and Wesson Maillard.

TRI HI

The following officers were elected to hold office for the year of 1940-1941:
President—Marianne Brady.
Vice-President—Irene Marotte.
Treasurer—Dorothy Conroy.
Secretary—Frances Arnold.
Faculty Adviser—Miss Eleanor Miller.

Among the events of the Tri Hi have been a Roller Skating party held at Riverside and a meeting on Manners. The meeting on Manners was further developed until, on October 24, the club presented a program to the school assembly.

On November 14, 1940 the members of the Tri-Hi gave a dance at the Agawam High School auditorium. The hall was decorated in blue and silver. Patronesses for the evening were Miss Ruth Dickerman, Miss Miriam Staples, and Tri-Hi adviser, Miss Eleanor Miller. General chairman for the event was Marianne Brady. Other committee chairmen were: Refreshments, L. Harpin; Decorations, E. Marinetti; Invitations, A. Lodi.

December 18, 1940 the members of the West Springfield and Agawam Tri-Hi met for their annual Christmas party. Games were enjoyed and refreshments served. Committee members included Marianne Brady, Lorraine Harpin, and Evelyn Comeau.

Tri-Hi girls have a very interesting program in store for them. In the second half year such events as a spring dance, suppers, hikes, skating parties, and a meeting on parliamentary procedure will be enjoyed. A talk on beauty culture will be delivered to the members of the club by the proprietor of one of Springfield's leading beauty salons. Plans for these affairs are now being made, but as yet are not completed. There are other good times not yet decided upon. Enjoy yourselves girls!

The deer hunters on West Street were very successful this year. Out of 13 hunters, 11 got their trophy.

HI-Y

Faculty Adviser—Mr. Montagna.
President—John Walker.
Vice-President—Robert Healy.
Secretary—Alfred Daglio.
Treasurer—Ralph Oliver.

The purpose of this organization is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community higher standards of better living, both physically and morally.

Members have been busy making plans for the latter part of the year. A "splash party" is one of the main events. A dance is another one of the leading affairs. Some speakers have already been signed up for future meetings.

SPEAKER'S CLUB

President—Albina Shea.
Vice-President—Frank Evangelist.
Secretary—Ruth Raison.
Treasurer—George Guidi.
Faculty Adviser—Miss Dickerman.

The purpose of this club is to create good speaking among high school pupils. Members work hard to enter the Forensic League and the Valley League Oratorical Contest.

CAMERA CLUB

President—Everett Neil.
Vice-President—Stanley Loomis.
Secretary—Agnes Manos.
Treasurer—Clayton Atwater.
Curator—Eugene Zielinski.

The Camera Club, under the direction of Mr. Hadley, meets every other Monday night at 8 o'clock for the purpose of learning technique both in taking pictures and developing them. At their first meeting, they elected the above officers.

PENMANSHIP AWARDS

The following people of the eighth grade were accepted for the Students' Certificate of the A. N. Palmer Company: Rita Dupre, Donald Neill, Meredyth Barker, William Rerard, Charles Gustafson, Barbara Peters, Mary Buiso, Jane Gravel, Jean Demarais, Mary Gaj, Fern Dearnley, Vally Buiso, Amelia Lango, Sophie Roy, Doris Govoni, Constance Pariseau, Eleanor Cirillo, Vesta Porter, Florida Tangocci, Elizabeth Magiera, Jean Waniewski, Thelma Raison, Claire Paro, Cecila Carpenter, Jean Geoffrion, Gertrude Coty, Virginia Clark, June Robyn, Mary McQuesten, George Porter, Ruth Geofferion, Julia Woishnis, Beulah Campbell.

The following eighth grade students were accepted for the Junior Certificate of Palmer Method: Helen Shea, Raymond Crouss, Norma Joy Montagna.

Jeanne Hapgood was accepted for the Progress Pin.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Faculty Adviser—Mr. Langlois.
President—Wilbur Miller.
Vice-President—George Guidi.
Secretary—Marianne Brady.
Treasurer—Myrtle Maillard.

The purpose of this organization is to get members interested in drama, acting parts, stage managing, and make-up.

The Senior Class welcomes its two new classmates—Theresa Roscoe from Enfield, Connecticut and Vincent Caraleo from Springfield.

Miss Staples and Miss Belyea should be pleased with several ambitious sophomores who asked for typewriters for Christmas. Santa remembered them, too.

Richard White, '44 has a pet crow, "Jim," that followed him half way to school the other morning.

OUR NATURE HIKE

In September, the Eighth Grade took a hike to look for specimens of different leaves. We filed out of school and followed Main Street until we reached Federal Street. On Federal Hill we found elm, tulip, maple, poplar, cherry, and willow leaves. At the top of Federal Hill we turned by the cemetery and went into the woods. There we found beech, pine, fur, oak, walnut, and birch leaves and needles. By that time we had reached Main Street again, and we were grouped in two's. Then we started back to the school again after an hour's hike for nature class with Mr. Baker.

Priscilla Chamberlin, '45.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

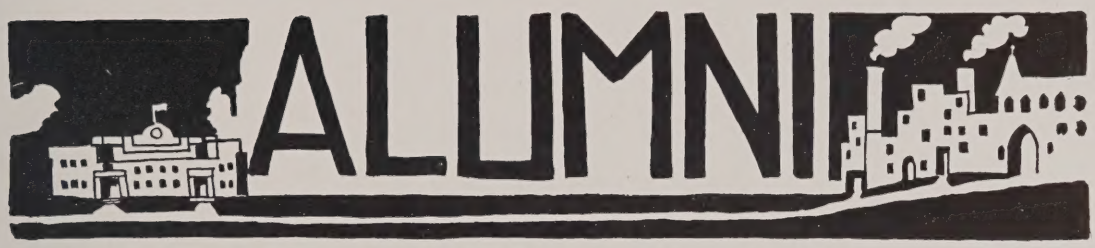
On January thirtieth the Speakers' Club will present its annual oratorical contest assembly. The contestants will compete for the honor of representing the school on February sixth at the Valley Wheel Contest in Ludlow. Prizes for the assembly will be donated by Wilson-Thompson Post of the American Legion.

Donald Catchepaugh, '44 is back at school again, after a stay in the hospital. Don was hit by a car and suffered a fractured skull.

ASSEMBLY FORECAST

Mr. C. Trouis Jones will entertain the junior and senior high schools in February with a talk on the subject of "Gyroscope Tops."

Also in February Mr. Verne Chesboro will present an hour's discussion of "Magic and Hypnotism."



CLASS OF '40 ON PARADE

Beatrice Allard—Forbes & Wallace.
Victoria Ardizoni—Bennet Night School.
Renzo Balboni—North Agawam Public Market
Elroy Benjamin—Steven Arms.
Jane Bennett—Hampden County Improvement League.
Norma Blackburn—Classical Junior College.
Geraldine Blanchard—Classical Junior College and McClellans.
Jean Blood—Working as an attendant at the Hartford Retreat.
Elizabeth Brady—Forbes & Wallace.
Eleanor Burke—G. Fox and Company in Hartford.
Virginia Carr—Home Housework.
Pauline Ceccarini—Home.
Ruth Cesan—American International College.
Florence Dagleish—Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.
Roger Dagleish—Pratt & Whitney.
Mary DePalma—American International College.
Francis Fenn—American International College.
Luella Fiske—Home.
Herbert Freeman—Moved to Springfield.
Edna Gazar—Joe's Auto Body Works and Pooles.
Edward Godfrey—Post-Graduate.
Elmer Goodhue—Home.
Carl Gustafson—Wafford College in Virginia.
Mary Guy—Pianist for the Springfield Girl's Club.
Edmund Hermansky—Home.
Eleanor Jensen—Springfield Academy of Beauty.
Jeanette Kent—Chamberlain Art School in Boston.
Raymond Kent—Home.
Millicent LaVoie—Home.
Aileen Levesque—Home.
Lillian Levesque—Post Graduate.
Ruth Light—Kresges.
Louis Martin—Home.
Ann Mathison—Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company.
Margaret McDonald—Home.
James Morrison—Home.
Irene Nacewicz—Mary Nace Business Service.
Earl Neil—Springfield Trade School.
Rita Paro—Home.
Alice Patterson—Mrs. Robert Strinisti.
Alfred Penna—W. P. A.
Eleanor Pfersick—Bay Path Institute.
Daniel Pugh—Armour Company.
Neal Raison—Spalding Sporting Goods Co.
Margaret Rocheleau—Buxton, Incorporated.
Elisabeth Roleau—Springfield Junior College.
Marie St. John—Housework.
Frank Santinello—National Youth Administration.
John Sasson—Sales Department of Buick Dealers.
Virginia Scagni—Office Department of Kellogg Printing Co.
Bernice Secord—Home.
Edward Shea.
Jeanette Smith—Home.
June Smith—Home.
Alice Sopet—Home.
Helen Subotin—Carter Knitting Co.

Norma Swanson—Office of Van Norman Machine Tool Co.
Paul Tatro—Post-Graduate Course and Springfield Public Market on Saturday.
Fern Tonelli—Home.
Mildred Tortoriello—Home.
Isabella Tulloch—American International College.
Dorcas Turner—F. W. Woolworth.
Janet Wheeler—Springfield Junior College.
Kathryn Wilcox—Home.
Marie Wilson—Office of High School.
Arthur Wyatt—Hampden Grinding Wheel Co.
Anna Wylie—Framingham Teachers College.
Pearl Zabini—Home.
Dominic Zerbato—Swift and Company.

ALUMNI NOTES

Margarethe Jensen, '33 is Assistant Superintendent at Monson State Hospital.

Ruth Cesan who is at A. I. C. writes:

"There are many outstanding differences between college life at American International College and life at Agawam High School. At college, because there are no truant officers, one may cut classes as often as one wishes but the penalty is to be expelled upon cutting once more than the times allowed."

Irene Govoni is employed as a technician in a New London Hospital.

Altina Bessette, '37 is working in S. S. Kresge.

Adrienne Rivers, '38 is working at Fanny Farmers.

Josephine Sadak, '39 is employed at Neisners.

Frances Gandini, '39 is employed at the Westinghouse.

George Dugan, '38 is working at the Springfield Armory.

Eva Casanova, '38 is working at S. S. Kresge.

Dorothy Lunden, '38 is employed at Loeb-Mansfield.

James Devecchi, '36 is working for the Springfield Shopping News.

Richard Ross, '35 is employed at the Monarch Life Insurance Company.

Edward Fitzgerald, '37 is employed at the Springfield Armory.

Charlotte Jasmin, '37 is working at Keefe's Florist.

Charles Jasmin, '36 is working for Hadley Furniture Company.

George Maillard and Norman Jensen, '38 are students at Air Man Tech.

Ruth Petersen, '39 is working in the Town Office at the Agawam High School.

Lieut. David Guy, '34 is now stationed at Fort Custer in Battlecreek, Michigan.

Joseph Guy, '39 is now employed at Buxton's Leather Company.

Ellen Ross, '32 and Merril Tisdel were married May 31, 1940.

Albert Christopher, '39 and Jennie Petrangelo were married this fall.

Muriel Fraser, '34 was married to Kenneth A. Burr on August 3, 1940.

Gertrude Jensen, '34 married Howard Minor on June 8, 1940.

Elsie Mencarelli, '39 and Lawrence De Forge were married this fall.

Roland Perusse '39 writes us from Wisconsin:

"High school is a funny place. When you're in it you wish you were out; when you're out you wish you were back in.

When I attend a lecture at the University of Wisconsin surrounded by about five hundred other students how I wish I were back in Agawam among my pals.

When Wisconsin plays Northwestern and the Badgers chalk up another touchdown, I close my eyes and can see Joe Pisano roaring over the goal line behind the effective blocking of Eddie Mason.

So it goes—on and on! Not that I like the University less, but that I love Agawam High School more."

1940 FOOTBALL TEAM IS GREATEST IN AGAWAM HISTORY

Under the careful guidance of Coach Harmon Smith, football has always prospered at Agawam High. Our football teams are regarded with envy and fear throughout Western Massachusetts.

This year Coach Smith has turned out what he calls the best team ever. He has been leading up to this great climax for the last few years. Led by its capable captain, Robert Healy, and its outstanding star, Joe Pisano. Agawam has toppled all foes with little difficulty.

FIVE AGAWAM BOYS CHOSEN ON WESTERN MASS. GRID HONOR ROLL

Of the eleven boys who make up the Agawam High Football Team, five have been chosen for the Western Massachusetts Honor Roll. These boys, Mason, Pisano, Healy, De Forge, and Walker, were given this honor because of their outstanding ability.

The three linemen, Walker, Healy, and De Forge, are all hold-overs from last year's Honor Roll. For the last three seasons they have been the mainstop of the strong Agawam line. Special recognition should be given to Captain "Bob" Healy for doing such a fine job of leading the team.

AGAWAM'S PRIDE: JOE PISANO

In recent years it has been the custom for sportswriters and officials of Western Massachusetts to choose the boy to whom the title of "Most Valuable" is given. This year Agawam's Joe Pisano has achieved this outstanding honor which is probably the highest award any athlete can hope for.

Joe started his star-studded football career in the back lots of Mill Street in Feeding Hills. Because of his size he always played with boys older than himself. However, Joe didn't spend all of his time playing football. He was a member of the 4-H Baby Beef Club; therefore much of his time was spent in "halter-breaking" his steers. This exercise, along with some farm labor, played an important part in the development of those huge muscles.

When Joe entered Junior High, his possibilities as an athlete were immediately recognized by Coach Smith. Joe was asked to join the squad while in the seventh and eighth grades during which period he had a good start. As a freshman he played a great deal of football and even then was an important factor of the team's power department. During the next three years he was the "big gun" of the Agawam Football team.

Joe's huge frame is covered with 200 pounds of solid flesh. Weight is usually a handicap to most big boys, but not to Joe. He is one

of the fastest, hardest running backs in the whole state.

Joe has made the All-Western Mass. Team for two years; he has set a new scoring record; and has been chosen "Most Valuable." Joe is planning to attend college after graduation from high school making him eligible for that honor of honors, the All American Football team.

Samuel Grimaldi, '42.

SEVENTH GRADE FOOTBALL

To start the 1940-41 school year Mr. Wilkinson brought out the "good old" pigskin. During the noon-hour five seventh grade home rooms competed for the football championship cup. After playing a series of games, Rooms 9 and 11 were tied for the championship. The rain caused a week of suspense before these two rooms met each other. Room 11 won by a score of 6-0.

Under very good management these noon games were carried out successfully, with all the rooms entering into the sport wholeheartedly. Not only the players were interested in the football games, but all of the seventh grade students were greatly impressed.

Walter Haggerty, '46.

HOCKEY REINSTATED AT AGAWAM

After an absence of three years, hockey has again been resumed at Agawam. Mr. Purcell has taken over the coaching post which was vacated by Mr. Reynolds, who is now at Suffield High School.

The only two veterans from the 1938 team are Norman Regnier and William Cote, defenseman and goalie, respectively.

A squad of about twenty boys practices nightly on a small pond in Agawam Center.

LARGE GROUP ATTENDS 1940 FOOTBALL BANQUET

The Agawam Football Banquet was held on the 18th of December in the high school gymnasium, in which place gathered the largest crowd ever to attend this annual event. Along with the members of the team were faculty members, townspeople, alumni, sportswriters, and guest speakers.

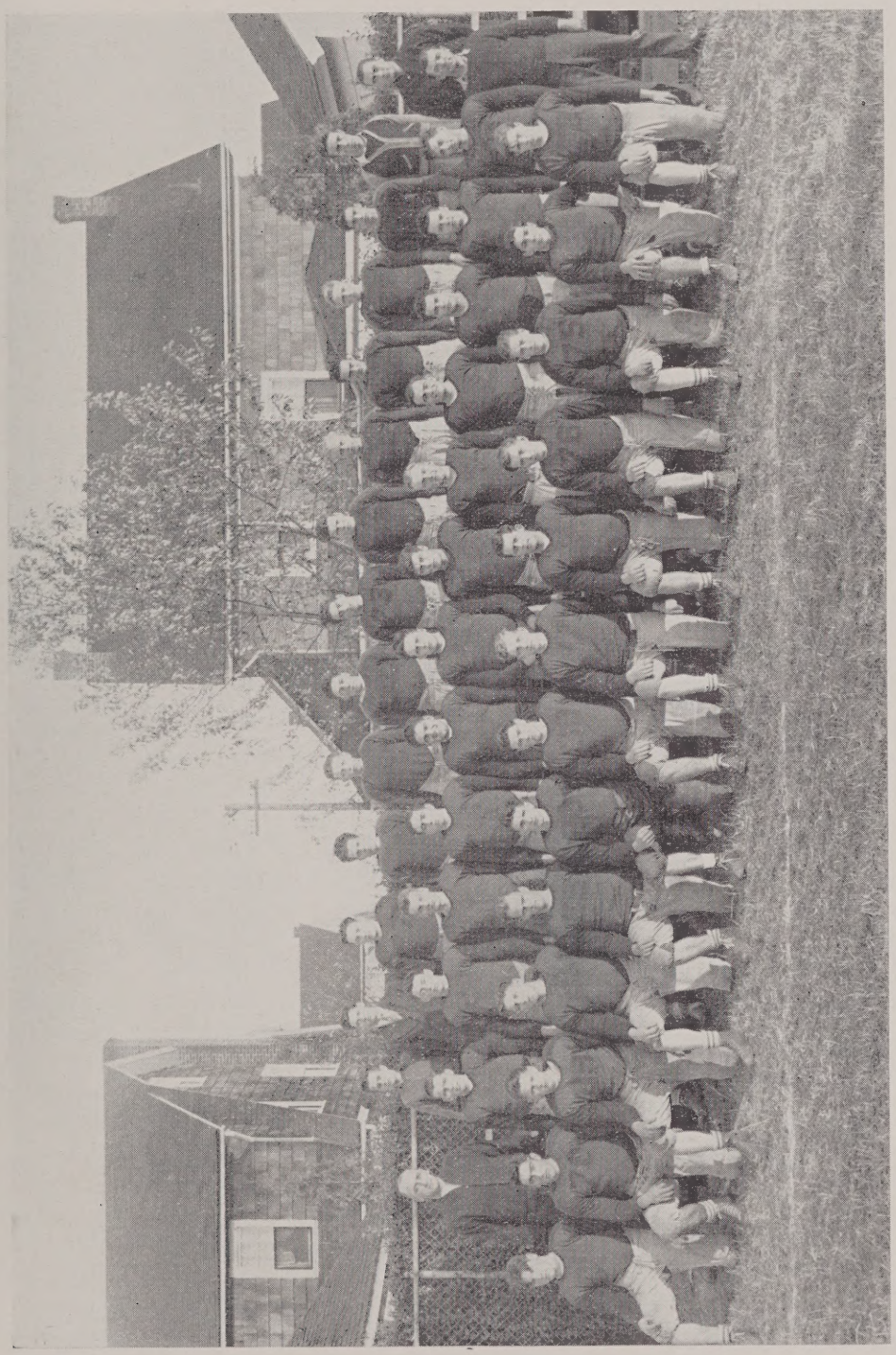
A wonderful meal, prepared by the mothers of the players and served by some high school girls, was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Dacey, who acted as toastmaster, first of all introduced the five boys who made the All-Western Massachusetts Football team. Short talks were given by Mr. Phelps, Mr. Granger, and Coach Smith who presented each letterman a new sort of award. This novelty was of folder form, one side containing a picture of the team and the other the receiver's name along with the signatures of Coach Smith, Mr. Dacey, and Mr. Phelps.

The high-light of the evening was the presentation of the Western Massachusetts Championship plaque which will remain in the permanent possession of the school; and the Western Massachusetts Championship Trophy, which will be in the keeping of the school only for this year. Mr. George Springer, well-known Springfield sportswriter, made the presentation to Captain "Bob" Healy.

Mr. J. O. Christian, coach at Connecticut State College, was guest speaker of the evening. While he stressed the importance of athletics in the life of the schoolboy, he emphasized the importance of studies. As a finale some very interesting movies were shown.

The large turnout proved that the spirit that is found in Agawam can be found in no other town.



THE CHAMPIONS

AGAWAM'S BASEBALL OUTLOOK

Agawam expects to have a good baseball season this year for six reasons: Mason, Healy, Rosso, Miller, Pisano, and Barbieri. It isn't very often that a coach has six lettermen with which to start a baseball season.

Last year Coach Oulton spent a great deal of time teaching these boys the fundamentals of the game, and he should be generously rewarded for his labor. Incidently, Mr. Oulton should be given due credit for his fine work in his first year as coach.

These six lettermen will be the foundation around which this year's team will be built. There are many freshmen and sophomores who are hoping to break into the starting lineup. Agawam High has produced many stars in past years, and it is logical that some boys will excel this year.

FORMER BASEBALL STAR VISITS AGAWAM HIGH

On the eleventh of October the Agawam Hi-Y were hosts to the baseball-minded boys of the high school in presenting the well-known, old-time baseball star, Walter "Rabbit" Maranville. Mr. Maranville is a short, well-built gentleman, whose appearance shows him to be the rugged type of individual.

Having started his baseball career in Springfield, he played so well that he was later signed up by a New Bedford team. A year later he broke into the Major Leagues. He began his Major League career with the Boston Braves. He continued playing until 1934 when he broke his leg, almost having it amputated. "Rabbit" then took up baseball managership.

"Rabbit" started his short but interesting talk by pointing out the necessity of a good education. He said that today education is needed in every phase of living. "Rabbit" advised the boys not to spend too much time on studies, for every boy, in his opinion, needed a certain amount of enjoyment.

Mr. Maranville stated that Tyrus Cobb was the greatest ball player of all times and "Babe" Ruth, whom many believed to be the greatest, he claims to have had the popular drawing power. "Rabbit" places the blame for the change in the game upon the substitution of the lively baseball in place of the "dead" ball.

Boys in this vicinity will become better acquainted with this old-time great as he has recently signed a contract making him manager of the local Springfield team.

THREE LETTERMEN ON HAND FOR OPENING OF BASKETBALL SEASON

The prosperous outlook for the basketball season this year is so mainly because of three outstanding holdovers: Healy, Neilson, and Miller.

Along with these veterans are Mason, Lovotti, Grady, and P. De Forge. The school is looking forward to having as successful a basketball season as that of football.

Dear Patty:

As you know, hockey season is almost over. The Juniors, the champions, will get their numerals for the inter-class games.

The college teams have finished playing. Harvard (Barbara Chapin, captain) beat Princeton (Myrtle Maillard, captain) by a score of 2-1. Carol Henry and Honey Ardizoni scored for Harvard while Florence Conkey scored for Princeton. Dartmouth (Mary Grasso, captain) overpowered Yale (Marianne Brady, captain) with Lucy Misichia scoring the 2 winning points. At the finals Dartmouth won 1-0 over Harvard. June Cordes scored the winning points.

Well, this ends one of the best hockey seasons there ever was. Basketball will soon start, and when it does, I'll write to you again.

Your Sports Reporter,

Joan.

Lorraine Ardizoni, '42.

««EXCHANGES»»

AMONG THE FILES

The High School of Commerce in Springfield has an up and coming paper—we like the way their newsboard writes; it always seems to be Johnny-On-The-Spot. By the way, a group of girls thought of this novel way of proving (or disapproving) that the students of their school were interested in keeping it clean: they wrapped pennies in paper and left them in conspicious places in the corridors and classrooms. As few pupils found the money, the class found that not only the students, but also the faculty are slack about keeping the school neat: for a particularly dirty paper-wrapped coin was left kicking around in the teachers' lunchroom.

Often we look forward to certain departments of a school's magazine—for example the clever cartoons in the South Hadley *Spotlight*. A very clever series showed the degradation of the Thanksgiving fowl from roast turkey, through turkey sandwiches, hot turkey dressing, turkey pie, and turkey soup.

The Argus published by Gardner High School certainly is a grand magazine. Your department heads are very good. Congratulations on your list of advertisers. In our estimation, however, your jokes are a bit on the ancient side. It's too bad to spoil an otherwise good magazine with these relics.

From the Stafford Springs *Razor Blade* (Stafford Springs, Conn.) comes this bit of advice: "A boy is known by the company he keeps away from." * * * *The Netop* published by the Turners Falls High School, printed several interesting facts such as the following: "If you tell a man there are 270,678,341 stars in the universe, he will believe you. But if a sign says "Fresh Paint," he has to investigate." * * * Three cheers for some good criticism in the Exchanges in the Ludlow *Hi-News* (Ludlow) * * * *Monson Spirit* your columnists have enviable style, is a bit formal.

On the front page of the Christmas issue of *The Craftsman*, from Trade School, Springfield, was printed the following verse under the title "Even Then As Now."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

No warming fire that night,
No hospitality;
In her eyes the same strange light,
She was a refugee!

Irene Ann Mulak.

At Commerce in *Gift of Gab* a nonsensical variety column in the *Commerce* was this epic:

You never heard a bee complain
Nor heard it weep or wail
But if it wish, it can unfold
A very painful tail.

Daffination: etc.—sign to make people think you know more than you do.

Coach R. (playing golf) I'm certainly not playing the game I used to play.

Caddie: (disgustedly) What game was that?

At Gardner: An average woman's vocabulary is said to be 500 words—but think of the turnover!

Shirley Spring, '42.

Out For Sunshine

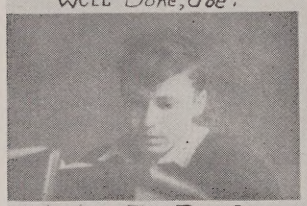
"Sleepy"

All Alone

Well Done, Joe!

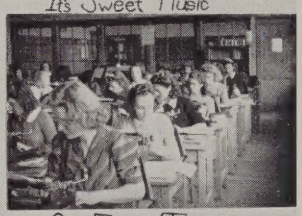
Million Dollar Smiles

It's Sweet Music

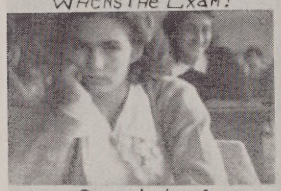


When's The Exam?

We Three



Our Future Typist



Gee Whiz!

Please Don't!

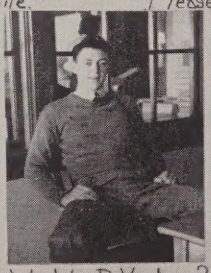
Student Tells Instructor

Study! Don't Smile.

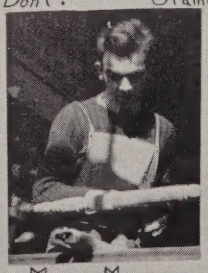
Glamorous

Over The Top

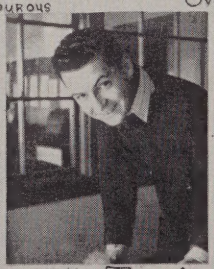
Carpenter At Heart



Well, What Do You Know?



Modern Machinist



Hello, There!

Am I Tough

Mr. Quirk: "What is a good example of a parasite?"

C. Smith: "Mistletoe—because it lives on other trees but gives nothing in return."

R. Fenn: "It gives opportunity!"

Mr. Hadley asked his third period chemistry class if a chemical or physical change occurred when Myrtle Maillard blushed.

M. Newcomb: "What happens if the lines on the graph don't cross?"

Miss Smith: "Then there's no answer."

Raschi: "Confidentially, they all cross."

Miss Smith: "How do you know?"

Raschi: "I did them all last year."

Miss Miller: "Will someone please give me an English word with 'bis' as a prefix?"

Charles Porter (without thinking): "Business."

Mr. Hadley: "What is the formula for cupric sulfate, Bennet?"

Bennet: "C u" (see you)—

Mr. Hadley, interrupting: "When?"

Myrtle Maillard knows how to make the nicest boiled frosting. Her recipe consists of sugar, water and sulphuric acid. Incidentally, the mixture looks good, but we wouldn't suggest that you try it.

From Test Papers:

Shylock's waste was large.
Portia wore scandels.

There once lived a maid of Nantucket,
Who really knew how to "truck it,"
Until one day
When "he" passed her way.
Her jitterbug career? She chucked it!

Myrlte Maillard, '41.

There is a young man named Walker
Who never was much of a talker,
But when out with his girl
In a sociable whirl
His incessant chattering balks her.

Vincent Caroleo, '41.

A chemist just for a jest
Was doing an unknown test
He made a mistake
The noise was great
And now he lies at his rest.

Wesson Maillard, '42.

A boy named Pisano is known
As a lad who has certainly grown,
For throughout it is said
That when he hits the bed,
Said bed does disperse with a moan.

Vincent Caroleo, '41.

CAUTION!

He spied a girl who caught his eye
And boldly towards her crashed.
Then he stopped with a quick sigh;
He'd better wait till Christmas passed.

We imagine that Joseph Pisano was glad that he made two touchdowns at the Agawam-Turners Falls game. Miss Miller's cake was a fitting reward for all Joe's work.

Lorraine Hawkes' father now has twelve mouths to feed! Besides his family, he has seven dogs and a canary.

Albina Shea was very indignant when she was appointed to be a one-person-onion-peeling committee for the Tri-Hi Spaghetti Supper.

A garrulous ghost named Basil
Whom daylight did frighten and dazzle,
Went about in the dark
Chasing cops in the park
And now he's worn to a frazzle.

A newly wed once made a cake.
A piece her husband did take.
When he fell almost dead,
To himself he said,
"I guess she made a mistake."

WANTED: ONE FELLOW PIANIST

A few ambitious musicians of this school are trying to organize an all boy's band. This band will be strictly swing. One thing is lacking, though, a boy pianist. So, my friends, if you know of one, please let them know.

Following is a list of the members of this band:

Drummer—Clayton Atwater
Clarinet—Wesson Maillard
Saxophone—Douglas Trevallion
Trumpet—John Wylie
Piano—Evelyn Comeau

In my estimation the best actress on the screen is Claudette Colbert. She can play any type of role, demure deb, or out-door girl, and portray the character vividly. Added to her natural acting abilities, she could take first prize in any beauty contest in the country. While she is on the screen, boys stop looking at the girl friends and pay attention. She is the prettiest and most talented actress in Hollywood.

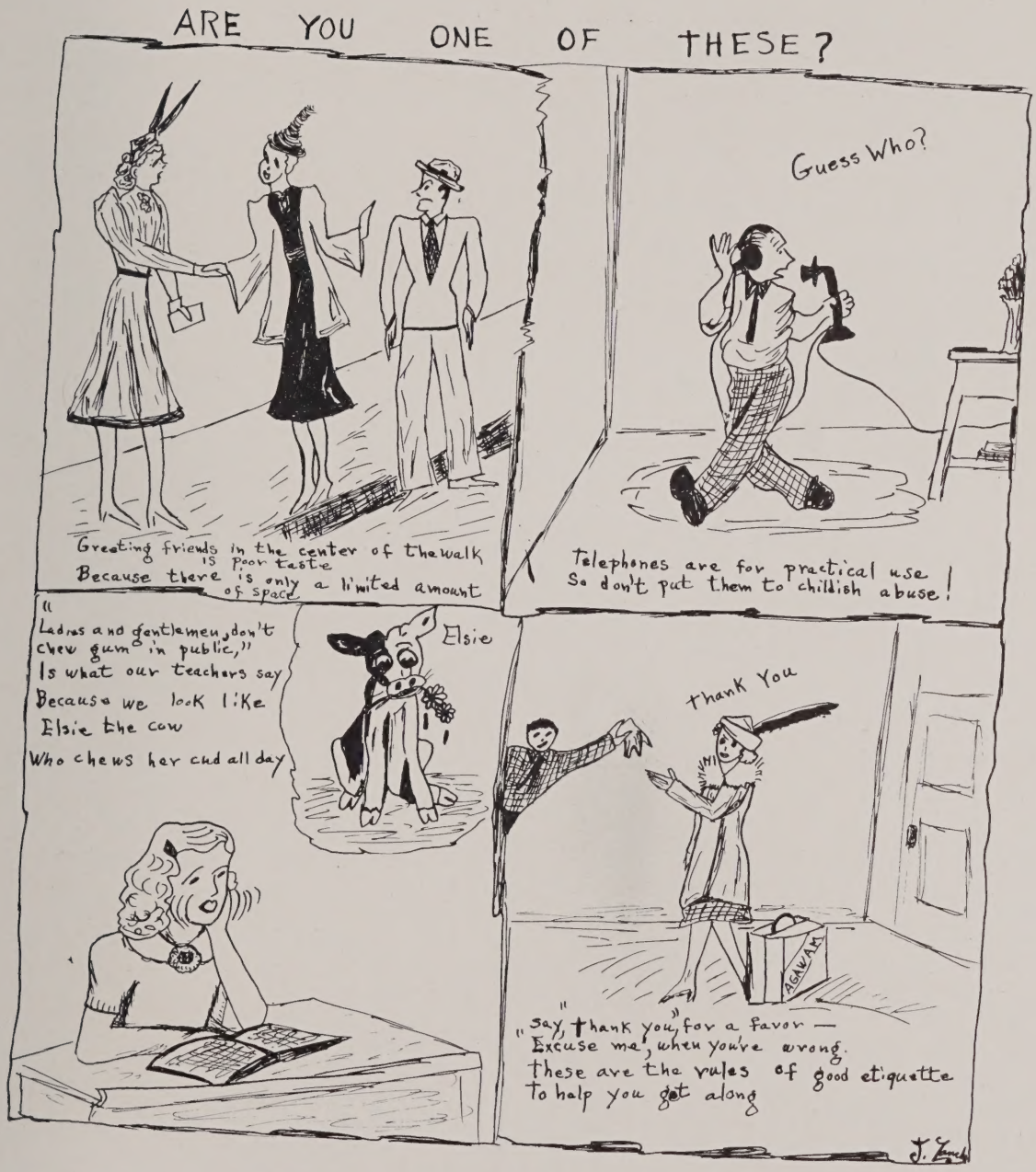
Wesson Maillard, '42.

In my estimation the best actress on the screen is Greta Garbo. Despite her eccentricities off the screen, she is the most effective actress in Hollywood. In *Ninotchka* she played a very difficult roll as no one else could have. Her superiority was proved very definitely when Rosiland Russell, as good an actess as most Hollywood players, tried to portray the same role with the same leading man, but so lost the mood and feeling of the play that it could be regarded only as a burlesque of the original. Garbo may have stringy hair and big feet in private life, but without overacting she can be the most stirring actress I have ever watched.

Albina Shea, '41.

My favorite actor is Walter Brennan, a man of varying characters. For his protrayal of an old southern gentleman in the picture "Kentucky" he won wide acclaim which was spread still further by his acting in "Northwest Passage." In "Kentucky" he played the role of a quiet, courteous southerner, while in "Northwest Passage," he played the part of a noisy, old reprobate who spent most of his time in the village stocks, shouting insults at the town officials. Walter Brennan not only acted those parts; he seemed to live them. Man of many faces, beloved by all who have seen him, Walter Brennan is truly one of the best actors that there is in the movies today.

William Wylie, '41.


ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?
Greeting friends in the center of the walk
Is poor taste
Because there is only a limited amount
of space
Guess Who?
Telephones are for practical use
So don't put them to childish abuse!
"
Ladies and gentlemen, don't
chew gum in public,"
Is what our teachers say
Because we look like
Elsie the cow
Who chews her cud all day
Elsie
Thank You
AGAWAM
"Say, "thank you" for a favor —
Excuse me, when you've wrong.
These are the rules of good etiquette
To help you get along
J. Ford

CLUB PRESIDENTS' QUIZ

Club	*Tri-Hi*	*Speakers' Club*	*Mirror*	*Masque*	*Hi-Y*	*Camera Club*
President	Marianne Brady	Albina Shea	Lorraine Hawkes	Wilbur Miller	John Walker	Everett Neill
Blonde or Brunette?	Brunette	Brunette	Brunette	Brunette	Brunette	Blonde
Pet Peeve	Homework	Lady who won't take off her hat in theatre	Stripes mixed with plaids	Mr. Hadley's Pet Problems	Slapping on the back	Curly hair
Favorite Food	Pickles	25 cent Banana Split	Spaghetti	Two-inch sirloin steak	Turkey	Ice cream
Childhood Ambition	School-marm	Secret Police	Nurse	Be a Major League Baseball Player	Boxer	Chemist
Favorite Comic Character	Dagwood	Aunt Min	Flash Gordon	The Phantom	Henry	Li'l Abner
Favorite Holiday	Christmas	Last day of School	Christmas	Thanks-giving	Thanks-giving	Fourth of July
Suggestion to Improve School	Tennis Court	Elevator	Refresh-ments during class	Hot dogs every other day	Swimming Pool	No home-work

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